

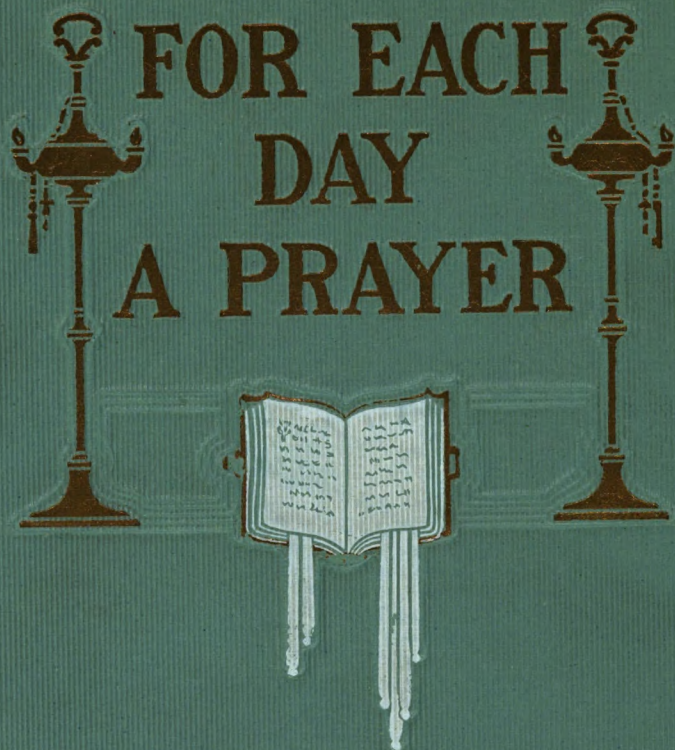
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**BEQUEATHED BY  
LAWRENCE T. ROYSTER, M. D.**





A decorative border surrounds the page. It consists of a double-line rectangular frame. The corners are decorated with small circles. The midpoints of each side are decorated with elongated, pointed oval shapes.

**"All noble thoughts are prayers."**

**—Victor Hugo.**



# For Each Day A Prayer



SELECTED AND ARRANGED  
BY  
ELISABETH HAMILL DAVIS

NEW YORK

Dodge Publishing Company  
220 EAST TWENTY-THIRD STREET



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**With ineffable tenderness I dedicate this volume to  
the beloved memory of my Father**

**REV. DR. ROBERT HAMILL DAVIS**

**and**

**to the memory of one at whose knee I first  
learned to lisp my infant prayer**

**MY PRECIOUS MOTHER**



## FOREWORD

**I**f to even one heart there comes a ray of true comfort or uplift from this little book—then shall be fulfilled the desire of one who believes in the power and beauty of that prayer by which

“The whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

I wish here to express my sincere appreciation of my associate in the compilation of these pages—Mr. Leigh Mitchell Hodges. His earnest and wise co-operation has been of continued pleasure and benefit. My deepest gratitude goes forth to Dr. James Russell Miller, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. Ethelbert D. Warfield, Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle, and Bishop George F. Seymour, for their help and contributions. I also acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.; The Bobbs-Merrill Co.; The Century Co.; Harper & Bros.; Charles Scribner's Sons, for “A Prayer for a Mother's Birthday,” from “Music and other Poems,” and also for other selections; McClure, Phillips & Co.; Edwin S. Gorham; The Curtis Publishing Co.; Dr. Holmes, Editor of “The Westminster”; Dr. Snowden, Editor of “The Presbyterian Banner” and to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the works of Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and Lucy Larcom, for permission to use copyrighted material; and thank the other friends whose kindly words and interest have been my inspiration.

Philadelphia, Pa.

—E. H. D.



## JANUARY FIRST

**A**lmighty and most merciful Father, who hast brought me to the beginning of another year, grant me so to remember Thy gifts, and so to acknowledge Thy goodness, as that every year and day which Thou shalt yet grant me, may be employed in the amendment of my life, and in the diligent discharge of such duties as Thy Providence shall allot me. Grant me, by Thy Grace, to know and to do what Thou requirest. Give me good desires, and remove those impediments which may hinder them from effect. Forgive me my sins, negligences, and ignorances, and when at last Thou shalt call me to another life, receive me to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Samuel Johnson.

---

## JANUARY SECOND

**S**unset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

---

### JANUARY THIRD

**F**ather, teach us the lesson of victory. We yield too easily to things that try us. We are too easily disheartened. We do not trust Thee enough when the way is hard. Help us to enter into the victory of Jesus Christ, who overcame the world, and in whom we, too, can overcome the world. Save us from discouragement which so often leads to doubt and to the loss of joy and hope. Let us not be discouragers of others. Help us wherever we go to carry gladness, cheer, inspiration, and hope, so that all who meet us will be

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

stronger and braver for the meeting. We ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—J. R. Miller.

---

### JANUARY FOURTH

**O** God, Almighty and Merciful, who healest all those that are broken in heart, and turnest the sadness of the sorrowful to joy; let Thy fatherly goodness be upon all that Thou hast made. Especially we beseech Thee to remember in pity such as are this day destitute, homeless, or forgotten of their fellow-men. Bless the congregation of Thy poor. Uplift those who are cast down, mightily befriend innocent sufferers and sanctify to them the endurance of their wrongs. Cheer with hope all discouraged and unhappy people, and by Thy heavenly grace preserve from falling those whose penury tempteth them to sin. Though they be troubled on every side, suffer them not to be distressed, though they be perplexed, save them from despair. Grant this, O Lord, for the love of him, who for our sakes became poor, Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JANUARY FIFTH

**L**ead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
    Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
    Lead Thou me on:  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
    Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
    Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone;  
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.  
    —John Henry Newman.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JANUARY SIXTH

**F**ar out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,  
Lies that fair Country where our hearts  
abide;

And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us  
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied? Satisfied? The spirit's yearning  
For sweet companionship of kindred minds,—  
The silent love that here meets no returning,  
The inspiration which no language finds,—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longing,  
The aching mind which nothing earthly fills?  
Oh, what desires upon my soul are thronging,  
As I look upward to the Heavenly Hills!

Thither my weak and weary feet are tending—  
Saviour and Lord, with Thy frail child abide!  
Guide me toward Home, where, all my wanderings  
ending,

I shall see Thee, and shall be satisfied.

—R. A. Rhees.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JANUARY SEVENTH

**H**ear my cry, O God;  
Attend unto my prayer.  
From the end of the earth will I call unto  
Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:  
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.  
For Thou hast been a refuge for me,  
A strong tower from the enemy.  
I will dwell in Thy tabernacle for ever!  
I will take refuge in the covert of Thy wings.  
(Selah.)

For Thou, O God, hast heard my vows:  
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that  
fear Thy name.  
Thou wilt prolong the king's life;  
His years shall be as many generations.  
He shall abide before God forever:  
Oh prepare loving kindness and truth, that they  
may preserve him.  
So will I sing praise unto Thy name for ever,  
That I may daily perform my vows.  
—David.

### JANUARY EIGHTH

**O** God!  
How beautiful it is to live! To breathe  
Air which is life and sweetness, and to feel  
Warm air breathe on me;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

To breathe in fragrance—what? I do not know,  
But that it is all sweetness!  
To hear a thousand songs and rustling sounds,  
I know not what,  
But they are all music!  
To see unnumbered shades of color pass,  
Changing in shade and color as I look,  
Unnumbered forms as well, which pass and change,  
And all in harmony, soft, tender, beautiful,—  
And to enjoy all these the while I live!  
How beautiful it is to be so strong,  
Yet need not to be strong!  
Ready to sleep if need were,  
Yet not to sleep.  
Willing to eat and drink if there were need,  
And yet to need not drink or meat;  
O God!  
How beautiful it is to live in health!

---

### JANUARY NINTH

**I** would converse with Thee from day to day,  
With heart intent on what Thou hast to say,  
And through my pilgrim-walk, whate'er befall,  
Consult with Thee, O Lord! about it all.  
Since Thou art willing thus to condescend  
To be my intimate, familiar friend,  
Oh, let me to the great occasion rise,  
And count Thy friendship life's most glorious prize!

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JANUARY TENTH

**L**et me lie still in suffering, dear Christ, and think of Thee. Fix my mind on Thy Cross and Passion, and make me know the bliss of being Thy companion in pain. And oh, when it is hard to be calm and quiet, come Thou very, very near, and speak peace to my soul. So shall my grief be turned to joy and my heaviness to cheer. Amen.

---

### JANUARY ELEVENTH

**T**hou hast not asked me, Lord,  
To first of all love Thee,  
But simply to believe the word  
That tells Thy love to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Thou hast said, "My friend  
Is he who keeps my word."  
This I can do even to the end;  
I can be faithful, Lord.

Then will the loyal heart  
Find its reward above;  
For when I see Thee as Thou art  
I cannot help but love.

—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.\*

\*From "Thoughts for Every-day Living." Copyright 1901. Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JANUARY TWELFTH

**M**ost holy and eternal God, Lord and Sovereign of all, we humbly present to Thy divine Majesty ourselves, our souls and our bodies, our thoughts and our words, our intentions and our actions, to be disposed by Thee to Thy glory, to be blessed by Thy providence, to be guided by Thy counsel, to be sanctified by Thy Spirit. This day, O Lord, and all the days of our lives, we dedicate to Thy honor and the duties of our several callings, to the use of Thy grace and the fulfilment of Thy holy commandments; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

---

### JANUARY THIRTEENTH

**A**ll praise to Thee, Eternal Lord,  
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;  
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,  
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

Once did the skies before Thee bow;  
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now:  
Angels who did in Thee rejoice  
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

A little Child, Thou art our Guest,  
That weary ones in Thee may rest;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Forlorn and lowly in Thy birth,  
That we may rise to Heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night  
To make us children of the light,  
To make us, in the realms Divine,  
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

All this for us Thy love hath done;  
By this to Thee our love is won:  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.  
—Martin Luther.

---

### JANUARY FOURTEENTH

**L**ord, here let my love to Thee grow, and there  
may it ripen; that my joy being here great  
in hope, may there in fruition be made perfect.

—St. Anselm.

---

### JANUARY FIFTEENTH

**O** my Saviour, keep me ever in the way that I  
should go,  
May Thy Holy Spirit teach me, more and  
more Thy truth to know.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

In the sunshine or the shadow, where Thou wouldst  
my path should be,  
Keep me ever, let me never turn my waiting eyes  
from Thee.

O my Saviour, can I doubt Thee when Thy constant  
love I share,  
When Thy blessings, rich and boundless, come as  
gifts of answered prayer?  
In Thy mercy I am trusting, there my only trust  
shall be;  
Keep me ever, let me never turn my heart, O Lord,  
from Thee!

—W. J. Kirkpatrick.

---

### JANUARY SIXTEENTH

**O** Father! give to Thy child that which he him-  
self knows not how to ask. Behold my  
needs which I know not myself; see, and  
do according to Thy tender mercy. Teach me to  
pray; pray Thyself in me.

—Fénelon.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

**H**oly Father, cheer our way  
With Thy love's perpetual ray:  
Grant us every closing day  
Light at evening-time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears:  
Grant us in our later years  
Light at evening-time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie;  
Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening-time.

Holy, blessed Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark to Thee:  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening-time.

—R. H. Robinson.

---

### JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

**O** most Lovely, and most loving Jesus! grant  
me the will and power, above all created  
beings, to rest in Thee: above all health  
and beauty, all glory and honor, all power and

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

dignity, all knowledge and wisdom, all riches and all arts; above all promise and hope, all holy desires and actions, all gifts and graces which Thou Thyself canst bestow, all rapture and transport which the heart is able to receive; above angels and archangels, and all the hosts of Heaven; above all that is visible and invisible; and finally above everything, which Thou, my God, art not. For Thou, O Lord God! art above all, in all perfection! Thou art most high, most powerful, most sufficient, and most full! Thou art most sweet, and most abundantly comforting! Thou art most lovely, and most loving; most noble and most glorious! In Thee all good centres, from eternity to eternity! Therefore, whatever Thou bestowest on me, that is not Thyself; whatever Thou revealest or promisest, while I am not permitted truly to behold and enjoy Thee, is sufficient to fill the boundless desires of my soul, which, stretching beyond all creatures, and even beyond all Thy gifts, can only be satisfied in union with Thy all-perfect spirit.

—Thomas à Kempis.

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### JANUARY NINETEENTH

**L**ord, for what we have received,  
Learned and loved, unlearned, achieved;  
For our measure of success,  
Failures, cares, and fears no less;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

For the joy and stress and strife,  
All that truly counts as life;  
For the kindness and the grace  
On each friendly human face;  
For a larger trust in Thee,—  
May we truly thankful be!  
And for what, if we should live,  
We are going to receive;  
For the rapture and the pain  
Certain to be ours again;  
For the future, still unseen,  
And the veil that hangs between,  
For the knowledge all is right,  
Though the darkness hide the light,  
Though death himself should draw his sword—  
Make us truly thankful, Lord.

—E. F. Howard.

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### JANUARY TWENTIETH

**A**lmighty God, Father of all mercies, we,  
Thine unworthy servants, do give Thee  
most humble and hearty thanks for all  
Thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all  
men. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation,  
and all the blessings of this life; but above all for  
Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the  
world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of  
grace and for the hope of glory. And we beseech

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our Lives, by giving up ourselves to Thy service and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

—Book of Common Prayer.

### JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

**M**y child is lying on my knees;  
The signs of Heaven she reads;  
My face is all the heaven she sees—  
Is all the heaven she needs.

\* \* \* \* \*

I also am a child, and I  
Am ignorant and weak;  
I gaze upon the starry sky,  
And then I must not speak.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! Lord, I sit in Thy wide space,  
My child upon my knee;  
She looketh up into my face,  
And I look up to Thee.

—George MacDonald.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

**F**or us, . . . . . whatever's undergone,  
Thou knowest, wilt what is done,  
Grief may be joy misunderstood:  
Only the Good discerns the good.  
I trust Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on;  
I love Thee while my days go on!  
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost  
I thank Thee while my days go on!

And having in Thy life-depth thrown  
Being and suffering (which are one),  
As a child drops some pebble small  
Down some deep well and hears it fall  
Smiling. . . . . so I! Thy days go on!  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

---

### JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

**O** Lord, grant that my heart may be truly  
cleansed and filled with Thy Holy Spirit,  
and that I may arise to serve Thee, and lie  
down to sleep in entire confidence in Thee, and sub-  
mission to Thy will, ready for life or for death.  
Let me live for the day, not overcharged with

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

worldly cares, but feeling that my treasure is not here, and desiring truly to be joined to Thee in Thy Heavenly Kingdom, and to those who are already gone to Thee. O Lord, save me from sin, and guide me with Thy Spirit, and keep me in faithful obedience to Thee, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

—Thomas Arnold.

---

### JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

**W**e see not, know not; all our way  
Is night,—with Thee alone is day:  
From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
Above the storm our prayers we lift,  
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
But who are we to make complaint,  
Or dare to plead, in times like these,  
The weakness of our love of ease?  
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done!

\* \* \* \* \*

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

And if, in our unworthiness,  
Thy sacrificial wine we press;  
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour  
Of trial hath vicarious power,  
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,  
Be Liberty's eternal gain,  
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,  
The anthem of the destinies!  
The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
Thy will be done!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

---

### JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

**O** dear Father, I thank Thee for this Day of Rest. When my spirit is in heaviness and needs peace, there is sure comfort in this Sabbath which Thou hast established. Help me to keep it holy. May no earthly thoughts or earthly occupations steal from me these hours which are all too short for my heart's love and my desire. I rejoice that I can meet Thee in Thy Church and find

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thee near. I praise Thee that my whole nature can find new power in the rest Thy Day gives. Grant, dear Lord, that men everywhere may hold sacred this Day of days, and find therein peace and prosperity, health and brotherhood, rest and strength. And at last take us all to pass an endless Sabbath with Thee in Heaven. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

---

### JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

**O** Lord God, hear the silence of each soul,  
Its cry unutterable of ruth and shame,  
Its voicelessness of self-contempt and blame;

Nor suffer harp and palm and aureole  
Of multitudes who praise Thee at the goal,  
To set aside Thy poor and blind and lame.

—C. G. Rossetti.

---

### JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

**F**or our absent loved ones we implore Thy loving kindness. Keep them in life, keep them in growing honor; and for us, grant that we may remain worthy of their love. For Christ's sake, let not our beloved blush for us, nor we for them. Grant us but that, and give us cour-



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

age to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to accept death, loss, and disappointment as it were straws upon the tide of life.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

---

### JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

**T**hou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love that answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

---

### JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

**L**ife's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—  
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and  
fro;

Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,  
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.  
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,  
Let my soul calm itself, O God, in Thee.

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,  
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;  
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff  
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain;  
Oh! when before that blast my hopes all flee,  
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ! in Thee.

Between the mysteries of death and life  
Thou standest, loving, guiding—not explaining;  
We ask, and Thou art silent—yet we gaze,  
And our charmed hearts forget their drear com-  
plaining.  
No crushing fate—no stony destiny,  
Thou "Lamb that hath been slain!" we rest in Thee.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,  
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,  
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores  
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands—  
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea  
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord! in Thee.

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels:  
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown  
of power;  
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,  
Thy patient voice saith: "Watch with Me one  
hour."

As sinks the moaning river in the sea  
In silent peace, so sinks my soul in Thee!  
—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

---

## JANUARY THIRTIETH

**M**ost gracious God, who governest the world  
with infinite wisdom and goodness, teach  
me contentedly to submit to the dispensa-  
tions of Thy providence, how contrary soever they  
may be to flesh and blood. Thou knowest the surest  
ways of making me happy, and art infinite in loving-  
kindness and mercy; therefore let Thy blessed will  
in everything be my choice and satisfaction. Let all  
my dangers awaken me to a careful performance of  
my duty; that I may serve Thee quietly with a  
devout mind, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Robert Nelson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

**A** bba, in Thine eternal years  
Bethink Thee of our fleeting day;  
From all the rapture of our eyes and ears  
How shall we tear ourselves away?  
At night my little one says "Nay,"  
With prayer implores, entreats with tears  
For ten more flying minutes' play;  
How shall we tear ourselves away?  
Yet call, and I'll surrender  
The flower of soul and sense,  
Life's passion and its splendor,  
In quick obedience.  
If not without the blameless human tears

\* \* \* \* \*

By eyes which slowly glaze and darken shed,  
Yet, without questioning or fears,  
For those I leave behind when I am dead;  
Thou, Abba, knowest how dear  
My little child's poor playthings are to her;  
What love and joy  
She has in every darling doll and precious toy;  
Yet, when she stands between my knees  
To kiss good night, she does not sob in sorrow,  
"Oh, father, do not break or injure these!"  
She knows that I shall fondly lay them by  
For happiness to-morrow.  
So leaves them trustfully. And shall not I?

—William Canton.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### FEBRUARY FIRST

**A**lmighty God, who art the only source of health and healing, the spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe; grant to us, Thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling presence, as may give us utter confidence in Thee. In all pain, and weariness and anxiety may we throw ourselves upon Thy besetting care, that knowing ourselves fenced about by Thy loving omnipotence, we may permit Thee to give us health and strength and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

---

### FEBRUARY SECOND

**I** come to Thee to-night,  
In my lone closet where no eyes can see;  
And dare to crave an interview with Thee,  
Father of love and light.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;  
The silent praises of the glorious sky,  
And the earth's orisons profound and high,  
To Heaven their breathings bear.

If I this day have striven  
With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the knee

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

To aught of earth in weak idolatry,  
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been  
An unforgiven thought, or word, or look,  
Though deep the malice which I scarce could brook,  
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away  
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,  
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,  
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

Not for myself alone  
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,  
But for each penitent the wide world o'er,  
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,  
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years,  
Has watched to soothe afflictions, griefs and tears,  
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline  
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,  
Be Thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,  
As they have long been mine.

—From Hymns of the Ages.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### FEBRUARY THIRD

**M**y inmost soul, O Lord, to Thee  
Leans like a growing flower  
Unto the light. I do not know  
The day nor blessed hour  
When that deep-rooted, daring growth  
We call the heart's desire  
Shall burst and blossom to a prayer  
Within the sacred fire  
Of Thy great patience; grow so pure,  
So still, so sweet a thing  
As perfect prayer must surely be.

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### FEBRUARY FOURTH

**A**lmighty God, who hast permitted me to see  
the beginning of another year, enable me  
so to receive Thy mercy, as that it may  
raise in me stronger desires of pleasing Thee by  
purity of mind and holiness of Life. Strengthen  
me, O Lord, in good purposes, and reasonable meditations. Grant that the residue of my life may enjoy  
such degrees of health as may permit me to be useful, and that I may live to Thy Glory; and O merciful Lord when it shall please Thee to call me from  
the present state, enable me to die in confidence of  
Thy mercy, and receive me to everlasting happiness,  
for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Samuel Johnson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### FEBRUARY FIFTH

**C**reator Spirit! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every pious mind;  
Come pour Thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.  
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

—John Dryden.

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### FEBRUARY SIXTH

**O** most merciful Father, look down upon this family, and grant to us all such blessings as are best for us. Give us purity of heart, meekness of spirit, and watchfulness of tongue, that in all our life and conduct we may show that we love Thee, and one another in deed and in truth. Be with us by day and by night, that our whole life may be Thine, and that, living unto Thee here, we may hereafter live with Thee and serve Thee in Thy glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### FEBRUARY SEVENTH

**M**y Lord, dost Thou indeed remember me,  
Just me, the least and last?  
With all the names of Thy redeemed,  
And all Thy angels, it has seemed  
As though my name might perhaps be overpassed;  
Yet here I find Thy word of tenderest grace,  
True for this moment, perfect for my case,—  
“Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!”

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,  
The kindness of my youth?  
The tremulous gleams of early days,  
The first faint thrills of love and praise,  
Vibrating fitfully? Not much, in truth,  
Can I bring back at memory's wandering call;  
Yet Thou, my faithful Lord, rememberest all,—  
“Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!”

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,  
My love, so poor, so cold?  
Oh, if I had but loved Thee more!  
Yet Thou hast pardoned. Let me pour  
My life's best wine for Thee, my heart's best gold  
(Worthless, yet all I have), for very shame  
That Thou shouldst tell me, calling me by name,—  
“Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!”

\* \* \* \* \*

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### FEBRUARY EIGHTH

**M**ay God make us patient to live. Not that we should not have aspirations, but till the flying comes let us brood contentedly upon our nests.

---

### FEBRUARY NINTH

**T**he day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep  
My weary soul seeks repose in Thine.  
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness, curtain Thou my bed,  
And cool, in rest, my burning pilgrim feet;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

'At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;  
All's well, whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break.

—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

FEBRUARY TENTH

**G**uide me, O Lord, in all the changes and varieties of the world; that in all things that shall happen, I may have an evenness and tranquillity of spirit; that my soul may be wholly resigned to Thy divinest will and pleasure, never murmuring at Thy gentle chastisements and fatherly correction. Amen.

—Jeremy Taylor.

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FEBRUARY ELEVENTH.

**J**ust as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

\* \* \* \* \*

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

—Charlotte Elliott.

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### FEBRUARY TWELFTH

**I** offer to Thee also prayers for the pardon of those especially, who have in any way injured, grieved, or reproached me; or have caused me any harm or annoyance. And I offer also for all those whom I have in any way grieved, vexed, oppressed, and scandalized, by word or deed, knowingly or unknowingly; that Thou mayest equally forgive us all our sins, and all our offences against each other. Take away, O Lord, from our hearts all suspiciousness, indignation, anger, and contention, and whatever is calculated to wound charity, and to lessen brotherly love. Have mercy, O Lord, have mercy on those who seek Thy mercy; give grace to the needy; make us so to live, that we may be found worthy to enjoy the fruition of Thy grace, and that we may attain to eternal life. Amen.

—Thomas à Kempis.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

**F**ather, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise!

Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend!  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.  
—Anne Steele.

---

### FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

**T**he day is ended, Lord; far up through Heav-  
en's blue  
Trembles a prayer for safety through the  
night;

And yet Thou art not far from mortal view;  
Thou art within our hearts, Thou Life and Light.

And there can be no night with us, dear Friend,  
With all Thy light around us and within;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Almighty to deliver and defend,  
Keep us at all times from the night of sin.

O, breathe upon us that breath of Thine  
Which sinful men in every age have felt,  
And make Thy life in us to be divine,  
The Christian altar where our souls have knelt,

And prayed for all the race of brother men,  
That we by love for them inspired might be,  
Might lift them upward into life again,  
And, as we see the Christ, help them to see.

Father of mercy, watch in love Thine own;  
Keep us all near, within Thine arm infolding;  
Then, when Heaven's morning dawns, the mists all  
    flown,  
Our souls shall be at peace, Thy face beholding.  
—Charles M. Sheldon.

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### FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH.

**L**ord, be with my spirit, and dwell in my heart  
by faith. Oh, make me such as I should be  
towards Thee, and such as Thou mayest take  
pleasure in me. Be with me everywhere and at all  
times, in all events and circumstances of my life;  
to sanctify and sweeten to me whatever befalls me;  
and never leave nor forsake me in my present pil-

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

grimage here, till Thou hast brought me safe through all trials and dangers to be ever with Thee, there to live in Thy sight and love, world without end. Amen.

—Benjamin Jenks.

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### FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

**W**e tell Thee of our care,  
Of the sore burden pressing day by day;  
And in the light and pity of Thy face  
The burden melts away.

We breathe our secret wish,  
The importunate longing which no man may see:  
We ask it humbly, or, more restful still,  
We leave it all to Thee.

The thorns are turned to flowers;  
All dark perplexities seem light and fair;  
A mist is lifted from the heavy hours,  
And Thou art everywhere.

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### FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

**O** Lord, let me not henceforth desire health or life, except to spend them for Thee, with Thee, and in Thee. Thou alone knowest what is good for me; do, therefore, what seemeth

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thee best. Give to me, or take from me; conform my will to Thine; and grant that, with humble and perfect submission, and in holy confidence, I may receive the orders of Thine eternal Providence; and may equally adore all that comes from Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Pascal.

### FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

**R**ock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

—Augustus M. Toplady.



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

**T**each me, O Father, how to ask Thee each moment, silently, for Thy help. If I fail, teach me at once to ask Thee to forgive me. If I am disquieted, enable me, by Thy grace, quickly to turn to Thee. May nothing this day come between me and Thee. May I will, and say, just what Thou, my loving and tender Father, wilt me to will, do, and say. Work Thy holy will in me and through me this day, protect me, guide me, bless me, within and without, that I may do something this day for love of Thee; something which shall please Thee; and that I may, this evening, be nearer to Thee, though I see it not, nor know it. Lead me, O Lord, in a straight way unto Thyself, and keep me in Thy grace unto the end. Amen.

—E. B. Pusey.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

**T**herefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?  
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!  
What, have fear of change, from Thee who art ever the same?  
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall  
live as before,  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound :  
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so  
much good more ;  
On earth, the broken arcs ; in the heaven, the perfect  
round.

—Robert Browning.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

**O** Lord, our God, under the shadow of Thy  
wings let us hope. Thou wilt support us,  
both when little, and even to gray hairs.  
When our strength is of Thee, it is strength ; but,  
when our own, it is feebleness. We return unto  
Thee, O Lord, that from their weariness our souls  
may rise towards Thee, leaning on the things which  
Thou hast created, and passing on to Thyself, who  
hast wonderfully made them ; for with Thee is re-  
freshment and true strength. Amen.

—St. Augustine.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

**L**ead us, O Father, in the paths of peace ;  
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,  
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase ;  
Lead us through Christ, the true and living way.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;  
Uphelped by Thee in error's maze we grope,  
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,  
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;  
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
Involved in shadows of a darksome night;  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,  
However rough and steep the path may be,  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.  
—William Henry Burleigh.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

**D**ear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways!  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
In purer lives Thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

**M**ost Great and Glorious God, who hast appointed the rivers to hasten with a rapid motion to the sea, be graciously pleased, I most humbly beseech Thee, to make the stream of my will perpetually to flow a cheerful and impetuous course, bearing down pleasure, interest, afflictions, death, and all other obstacles and impediments whatsoever, before it, till it plunge itself joyfully into the unfathomable ocean of Thy divine will, for the sake of Thy beloved Son, my Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Charles How.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

**I**f loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all things wished might always be,  
Accepting what they looked for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross we bear  
As air we breathe, as light we see;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It bends us to our strength in Thee.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

**O** Lord, give us more charity, more self-denial, more likeness to Thee. Teach us to sacrifice our comfort to others, and our likings for the sake of doing good. Make us kindly in thought, gentle in word, generous in deed. Teach us that it is better to give than to receive; better to forget ourselves than to put ourselves forward; better to minister than to be ministered unto. And unto Thee, the God of Love, be glory and praise for ever. Amen.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

**F**ather of mercy! at the close of day,  
My work and duties done, to Thee I pray  
Before I sleep;  
With clasped hands I humbly bow my head,  
And ask Thee, Lord, ere I retire to bed,  
My soul to keep.

The sins and failings of the day now past,  
The shadows on my soul that they have cast,  
Do Thou forgive;  
Oh! purge my life from every taint of sin,  
That I within Thy courts may enter in,  
With Thee to live.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Whatever sorrow I this day have known,  
I spread it now, O Lord! before Thy throne—  
    Oh! succor send;  
I would beneath Thy chastening hand be still,  
And meekly bow before Thy sovereign will,  
    Unto the end.

And now, with folded hand upon my breast,  
At peace with Thee, I lay me down to rest  
    Upon my bed;  
May angels guard me through the darksome night  
From troubled dreams, until the morning light  
    Its beams shall shed.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

**L**ord, I know not what is before me this day,  
but Thou knowest. I desire to leave all in  
Thy hands, and to place myself at Thy dis-  
posal. Do for me as Thou seest best. Prosper me  
in all I undertake. Give me good success, if it be  
Thy will. But, if Thou seest that crosses and dis-  
appointments are better for me, give me grace to  
accept them as from Thee. Enable me to bear them  
meekly and cheerfully, and to say, Father, not my  
will, but Thine, be done. O my God, make me  
happy this day in Thy service. Keep my conscience  
void of offence. Let me do nothing, say nothing,  
desire nothing, which is contrary to Thy will. Give  
me a thankful spirit. O for a heart to praise Thee

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

for all that Thou hast given me, and for all Thou hast withheld from me. Amen.

—Ashton Oxenden.

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### FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

**L**ord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants.

O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.

—Moses.

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### MARCH FIRST

**M**aster, if I may make one pale flower  
Bloom brighter for Thy sake, through one  
short hour,

If I in harvest-fields where stray ones reap,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

May bind one golden sheaf for love to keep,  
May speak one quiet word when all is still,  
Help some fainting heart to bear Thy will,  
Or sing one high, clear song on which may soar  
Some glad soul Heavenward—I ask no more.

---

### MARCH SECOND

**O** gracious God and most merciful Father, who hast vouchsafed us the rich and precious jewel of Thy Holy Word, assist us with Thy Spirit, that it may be written in our hearts to our everlasting comfort, to reform us, to renew us according to Thine own image, to build us up, and edify us into the perfect building of Thy Christ, sanctifying and increasing in us all Heavenly virtues. Grant this, O Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

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### MARCH THIRD

**M**ay every soul that touches mine,—  
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom  
some good,  
Some little grace, one kindly thought,  
One inspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage  
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

To brave the thickening ills of life,  
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering  
mist,  
To make this life worth while,  
And Heaven a surer heritage.

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### MARCH FOURTH

**T**hou hast been the helper of the perplexed and the faint-hearted throughout all the ages, O Father, most merciful and mighty. Now in our need we turn to Thee as a child flees to its mother for counsel and comfort. Send forth the light of Thy Spirit upon us, we humbly beseech Thee, that our minds may be illuminated unto wisdom's way. Give us courage to follow Thy leading, even to our temporal hurt. Grant us grace to play the man, and with steadfast hearts to await the event, which is in Thy hands alone. Amen.

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### MARCH FIFTH

**O** Thou pale form! \* \* \*  
Oft have I stood by Thee—  
Have I been keeping lonely watch with Thee  
In the damp night by weeping Olivet,  
Or leaning on Thy bosom, proudly less,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Or dying with Thee on the lonely cross,  
Or witnessing Thy bursting from the tomb.

—Robert Browning.

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### MARCH SIXTH

**O** Lord God, we pray that we may be inspired to nobleness of life in the least things. May we dignify all our daily life. May we set such a sacredness upon every part of our life, as a means appointed for the glorious ends of our edification, that nothing shall be trivial, nothing unimportant, and nothing dull, in all the daily round. Amen.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

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### MARCH SEVENTH

**J**esus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
And, although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless:  
Guide us by Thy hand  
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Let not faith and hope forsake us,  
For, through many a foe,  
To our home we go.

When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief,  
When oppressed by new temptations,  
Lord, increase and perfect patience;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won:  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our fatherland.

—Count von Zinzendorf.



### MARCH EIGHTH

**B**less the Lord, O my soul!" For doth not all nature around me praise Him? If I were silent, I should be an exception to the universe. Doth not the thunder praise Him as it rolls like drums in the march of the God of armies? Do not the mountains praise Him when the woods upon their summits wave in adoration? Does not the lightning write His name in letters of fire upon

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

the midnight darkness? Hath not the whole earth a voice, and shall I, can I, be silent? "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

—Charles H. Spurgeon.

### MARCH NINTH

**F**ather, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling  
love;

For we are weak, and need some deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth from doubt and sorrow,

And Thou hast made each step an onward one;  
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depth a peace serene and holy  
Abides, and when pain seems to have its will,  
Or we despair,—oh, may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence kneeling  
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;  
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

—Samuel Johnson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### MARCH TENTH

**O** Lord, if it be Thy will I should be in darkness, be Thou blessed; and if it be Thy will I should be in light, be Thou again blessed. For it cannot be anything but good, whatsoever Thou shalt do with me. O Lord, for Thy sake I will cheerfully suffer whatever shall come on me with Thy permission.

—Thomas á Kempis.

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### MARCH ELEVENTH

**I** do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter, and though heart  
should bleed—  
Through Peace to Light.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night:  
Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect Day shall shine,  
Through Peace to Light.  
—Adelaide A. Procter.

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### MARCH TWELFTH

**O** Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be  
this day: if I forget Thee do not Thou forget  
me.  
—Sir Jacob Astley.

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### MARCH THIRTEENTH

**O** Lord of Light, steep thou our souls in thee,  
That when the daylight trembles into  
shade,  
And falls the silence of mortality,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

And all is done, we shall not be afraid,  
But pass from light to light; from earth's dull gleam  
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

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### MARCH FOURTEENTH

**M**aster, may each heart before Thee,  
Be an instrument divine;  
Ready to respond this morning  
To that mystic touch of Thine!

Take us now, O great Musician;  
Give our lives the power to be  
One inspiring glorious Anthem,  
Telling forth our love to Thee!

—Charlotte Murray.

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### MARCH FIFTEENTH

**A**lmighty God, in whose hands are all the powers of man; who givest understanding, and takest it away; who, as it seemeth good unto Thee, enlightenest the thoughts of the simple, and darkenest the meditations of the wise, be present with me in my studies and inquiries. Grant, O Lord, that I may not lavish away the life which

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thou hast given me on useless trifles, nor waste it in vain searches after things which Thou hast hidden from me.

Enable me, by Thy Holy Spirit, so to shun sloth and negligence, that every day may discharge part of the task which Thou hast allotted me; and so further with Thy help that labour which, without Thy help, must be ineffectual, that I may obtain, in all my undertakings, such success as will most promote Thy glory, and the salvation of my own soul, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Samuel Johnson.

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### MARCH SIXTEENTH

**H**elp us, O Lord, with patient love to bear  
Each other's faults; to suffer with true  
meekness;

Help us each other's joys and griefs to share,  
But let us turn to Thee alone in weakness.

—John Quincy Adams.

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### MARCH SEVENTEENTH

**O**h, Lord, unto whom all hearts are open, Thou  
canst govern the vessel of my soul far better  
than I can. Arise, O Lord, and command  
the stormy wind and the troubled sea of my heart



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

to be still, and at peace in Thee, that I may look up to Thee undisturbed, and abide in union with Thee, my Lord. Let me not be carried hither and thither by wandering thoughts; but, forgetting all else, let me see and hear Thee. Renew my spirit; kindle in me Thy light, that it may shine within me, and my heart may burn in love and adoration towards Thee. Let Thy Holy Spirit dwell in me continually, and make me Thy temple and sanctuary, and fill me with divine love and light and life, with devout and Heavenly thoughts, with comfort and strength, with joy and peace. Amen.

—Johann Arndt.

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### MARCH EIGHTEENTH

**L**ord! who art merciful as well as just,  
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust!  
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,  
Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,  
And bade me look to Heaven, for Thou art there,  
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.  
Four things which are not in Thy treasury,  
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:  
My nothingness, my wants,  
My sins, and my contrition.

—Robert Southey.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### MARCH NINETEENTH

**O** my Lord, in Thine arms I am safe; keep me and I have nothing to fear, and I have nothing to hope for. I know nothing about the future, but I rely upon Thee. I pray Thee to give me what is good for me; I pray Thee to take from me whatever may imperil my salvation. I leave it all to Thee, because Thou knowest and I do not. If Thou bringest pain or sorrow on me, give me grace to bear it well, keep me from fretfulness and selfishness. If Thou givest me health and strength and success in this world, keep me ever on my guard lest these great gifts carry me away from Thee. Give me to know Thee, to believe on Thee, to love Thee, to serve Thee, to live to and for Thee. Give me to die just at that time and in that way which is most for Thy glory. Amen.

—John Henry Newman.

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### MARCH TWENTIETH

**R**est him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth  
With great and gracious messages of love;  
But Thy ambassador is weary now,  
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.  
Now care for him as Thou cared for us  
In sending him, and cause him to lie down  
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,  
And Thine upholding right encircle him,  
And underneath, the Everlasting Arms  
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,  
Hushed like a little child, without one care;  
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.  
Rest him, dear Master. He hast poured for us  
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.  
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts  
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou  
His ministrant to-night; draw very near  
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.  
O speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak  
A word in season to Thy weary ones.  
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—  
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,  
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."  
Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm  
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,  
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest  
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh  
Th' infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—  
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay  
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,  
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still  
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain,  
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,  
And let Thy holy music overflow  
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

**O** Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; send Thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee. Grant this for Thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake.

—Book of Common Prayer.

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### MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

**I** know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

\* \* \* . \* \*

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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### MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

**G**rant us, O Lord, to pass this day in gladness  
and peace without stumbling and without  
stain; that, reaching the eventide victorious  
over all temptation, we may praise Thee, the eternal  
God, who art blessed, and dost govern all things,  
world without end. Amen.

—Mozarabic Liturgy.

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### MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

**S**aviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untir'd I follow Thee;  
Oh let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy Holy Hill.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

If rough and thorny be the way;  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.  
—Charles Wesley.

### MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

**T**his is my opportunity!  
I stand, O God, 'twixt these and Thee;  
Grant me Thy light that I may know  
How best the seeds of truth to sow.

The weary man, the little child,  
The vigorous youth, the mother mild,  
Lift up their eyes and wait for me;  
What shall I say to them for Thee?

\* \* \* \* \*

Lord, I will talk to them of Thee,  
Let mine eyes Thy salvation see,  
And with the tokens of Thy love  
Uplift their hearts and mine above.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lord, unto Thee I lift my eyes,  
Inspire me, make me brave and wise,

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

And give me faith that I may see  
How wide and large Thy precepts be.

\* \* \* \* \*

O God, inspire me, make me strong,  
I will not do Thy people wrong  
To hide whate'er Thou givest me,  
Nor put myself 'twixt them and Thee.

Give me Thy message now; not mine  
The words they need, but only Thine;  
O Lord, these people wait for Thee,  
Thine is this opportunity.

—Marianne Farningham.

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### MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

**A**lmighty God and Heavenly Father, we would obey the instinct that impels us toward Thee, as the little child creeps to its mother and the far wandering boy thinks of his home. Wilt Thou draw us by this fine strong thread which Thou hast spun around our hearts until we rest in Thine arms? Breathe upon us through Thy Holy Spirit and mold and temper us to do Thy will. May we grow intimate with Christ until our lives are hid with His in Thee. So may we be filled with Thy fulness; and then from our hearts may we send forth streams of sympathy and service and sacrifice

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

to enrich other lives and bless the great wide world.  
And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

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### MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

**G**od! Thou art Love! I build my faith on that!  
I know Thee, Thou hast kept my path and  
made

Light for me in the darkness—tempering sorrow,  
So that it reached me like a solemn joy:

It were too strange that I should doubt Thy love.

—Robert Browning.

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### MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

**S**till on Thy loving heart let me repose,  
Jesus, sweet Author of my joy and rest;  
Oh, let me pour my sorrows, cares, and woes,  
Into Thy true and sympathizing breast!

Thy love grows never cold, but its pure flame  
Seems every day more strong and bright to  
glow:

Thy truth remains eternally the same,  
Pure and unsullied as the mountain snow.

How little love unchangeable and fixed  
In this dark valley doth to man remain!  
With what unworthy motive is it mixed!  
How full of grief, uncertainty, and pain!



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Love is the object which attracts all eyes:

We win it, and already fear to part;  
A thousand rivals watch to seize the prize,  
And tear the precious idol from our heart.

But Thou, in spite of our offences past,  
And those, alas! which still in us are found,  
Hast loved us, Jesus, with a love so vast,  
No span can reach it, and no plummet sound.  
Though the poor love we give Thee in return  
Should be extinguished, Thine is ever true;  
Its vestal fire eternally doth burn,  
Though everlasting, always fresh and new.

Thou, who art ever ready to embrace  
All those who truly after Thee inquire;  
Thou who hast promised in Thy heart a place  
To all who love Thee, and a place desire—  
O Lord, when I am anxious and deprest,  
And dim with tears, mine eyes can hardly see,  
Oh, let me lean upon Thy faithful breast,  
Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by Thee!  
—Karl Johann Philipp Spitta.

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### MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

**I** thank Thee, my God, for the hour that I have just passed in Thy presence. Thy will was clear to me; I measured my faults, counted my griefs, and felt Thy goodness toward me. I realized my

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

own nothingness. Thou gavest me Thy peace. In bitterness there is sweetness; in affliction, joy; in submission, strength; in the God who punishes, the God who loves.

—Amiel's Journal.

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### MARCH THIRTIETH

**H**elp me, dear Lord, to trust,  
Nor ask my way to see;  
But simply put my hand in Thine,  
And closely follow Thee.

Though cares are pressing hard,  
And sorrow be my guest,  
Still, Saviour, help me to believe,  
Whatever is, is best.

And these I hold so dear—  
These precious ones at home—  
Enfold them in Thy loving arms  
And keep them as Thine own.

So may each passing day  
In loving deeds be spent,  
Strong in the faith that God is God,  
And, as His child, content.

—Anna M. Wheeler.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

**O** God, by whose command the order of all time runs its course; forgive, we beseech Thee, the impatience of our unbelief; make perfect that which is lacking in our faith; and, while we tarry Thy fulfilment of the ancient promises, grant us to have a good hope because of Thy Word; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### APRIL FIRST

**L**ord, we would fain some little palm branch lay  
Upon Thy way.  
If but the foldings of Thy garment's hem  
Shall shadow them,  
These worthless leaves, which we have brought  
and strewed  
Along Thy road,  
Shall be raised up and made divinely sweet,  
And fit to lie beneath Thy feet.

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### APRIL SECOND

**T**hou, O Elder Brother! who  
In Thy flesh our trial knew,  
Thou, who hast been touched by these  
Our most sad infirmities,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thou alone the gulf canst span  
In the dual heart of man,  
And between the soul and sense  
Reconcile all difference,  
Change the dream of me and mine  
For the truth of Thee and Thine,  
And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,  
Interfuse Thy calm of life.  
Haply, thus by Thee renewed,  
In Thy borrowed goodness good,  
Some sweet morning yet in God's  
Dim, æonian periods,  
Joyful I shall wake to see  
Those I love who rest in Thee,  
And to them in Thee allied  
Shall my soul be satisfied.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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### APRIL THIRD

**B**lessed Lord Jesus! Gethsemane was Thy school, where Thou didst learn to pray and to obey. It is still Thy school, where Thou leadest all Thy disciples who would fain learn to obey and to pray even as Thou. Lord! teach me there to pray, in the faith that Thou hast atoned for and conquered our self-will, and canst indeed give us grace to pray like Thee.

O Lamb of God! I would follow Thee to Geth-

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

semane, there to become one with Thee, and to abide in Thee as Thou dost unto the very death yield Thy will unto the Father. With Thee, I do yield my will in absolute and entire surrender to the will of the Father. Conscious of my own weakness, and the secret power with which self-will would assert itself and again take its place on the throne, I claim in faith the power of Thy victory. Thou didst triumph over it and deliver me from it. In Thy death I would daily live: in Thy life I would daily die. Abiding in Thee, let my will, through the power of Thine eternal Spirit, only be the tuned instrument which yields to every touch of the will of God. Amen.

—Andrew Murray.

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### APRIL FOURTH

**I**n Thee, O Lord God, I place my whole hope and refuge; on Thee I rest all my tribulation and anguish; for I find all to be weak and inconstant, whatsoever I behold out of Thee. For many friends cannot profit, nor strong helpers assist, nor the books of the learned afford comfort, nor any place give shelter, unless Thou Thyself dost assist, strengthen, console, instruct, and guard us. For all things that seem to belong to the attainment of peace and felicity without Thee, are nothing, and do bring in truth no felicity at all. Thou therefore

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

art the Fountain of all that is good; and to hope in Thee above all things is the strongest comfort of Thy servants. To Thee, therefore, do I lift up mine eyes; in Thee, my God, the Father of mercies, do I put my trust. Amen.

—Thomas à Kempis.

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### APRIL FIFTH

**N**ot worthy, Lord, to lift mine eyes to Thee,  
Yet, bending low, at Thy dear cross I wait.  
Have mercy on me, me so full of sin—  
Forgive and bless and save, for Jesus' sake.  
Thou knowest all, the good oft left undone,  
The fault committed, strife without, within,  
And knowing, O my Saviour, hear my prayer,  
Let Thine all cleansing blood blot out my sin.  
Help me to cast my every care on Thee,  
Thou Lamb of God who bearest all our guilt,  
I bring my wayward, erring heart to Thee,  
Take it, Lord, and make it what Thou wilt.

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### APRIL SIXTH

**O**ur Heavenly Father, hear their cry who sometimes love Thee, but whose hopes are often clouded; who know that the true way of life is that which leads toward the Saviour, but who lose that way. O Lord, we beseech of Thee that

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Thou wilt draw near to such. May they grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

### APRIL SEVENTH

**T**hou fathomless Abyss of Love,  
O God, Eternal highest Good!  
Whom doth some wondrous impulse move  
To pour Thy mercies like a flood  
Around our life; Thou Sea of Grace,  
Fountain of comfort ever nigh,  
Healer of souls that wounded lie;  
Hearken, my spirit cries to Thee,  
O very Love, canst Thou love me?

O bounteous Being! let me praise  
And thank Thee from my spirit's ground;  
Thy wisdom far transcends our gaze,  
Thy loving kindness hath no bound;  
How tender to the sin-defiled,  
How great to us who are so small,  
How fatherly and true to all,  
Deigning to count the least Thy child:  
Hearken, my spirit cries to Thee,  
O mighty Love, wilt Thou love me?

My prayers, my longings Thou dost hear,  
And for my wants dost Thou provide,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thou countest every sigh and tear,  
No sorrow from Thine eye can hide,  
Thou sendest it, and know'st it well;  
From Thee comes pain and its relief,  
Thou triest me with care and grief,  
That faith and love may in me dwell;  
And so my spirit cries to Thee,  
O tender Love, now love Thou me!

\* \* \* \* \*

—Philip Frederick Hiller.

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### APRIL EIGHTH

**O** Beauty of ancient days, ancient but ever new, too late I sought Thee, too late I found Thee. I sought Thee at a distance, and did not know that Thou wast near. I sought Thee abroad in Thy works, and behold, Thou wast in me.

—St. Augustine.

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### APRIL NINTH

**G**od of the tender, frail and lone,  
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest,  
And hover gently, hover near  
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

To mother, wife—the doubly dear,  
In whose young heart have freshly met  
Two streams of love so deep and clear  
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,  
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,  
That, while by Thy behest alone  
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,  
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,  
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou can'st stay the ruthless hands  
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;  
That only by Thy stern commands  
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—  
That from the distant sea or land  
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone  
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,  
May happier visions beam upon  
The brightening current of her breast,  
No frowning look nor angry tone,  
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,  
Loved with a passion almost wild—  
By day—by night—in joy or woe—  
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,  
From every danger, every foe,  
Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

—Stonewall Jackson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### APRIL TENTH

**O** Lord God gracious and merciful, give us, I entreat Thee, a humble trust in Thy mercy, and suffer not our hearts to fail us. Though our sins be seven, though our sins be seventy times seven, though our sins be more in number than the hairs of our head, yet give us grace in loving penitence to cast ourselves down into the depths of Thy compassion. Let us fall into the hand of the Lord. Amen.

—C. G. Rossetti.

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### APRIL ELEVENTH.

**W**ith Thee, O Christ, I would arise indeed, to newness of life. I beseech Thee, make all things new to me. Let the old duties, the old work, the old burdens, the old friendships be transfigured as Thou dost touch them. Let Easter joy lift me from loneliness and weakness and despair to strength and beauty and happiness. I would fain live the risen life, my Jesus. Help me by Thy call, by Thy message, by Thy beauty, by Thy goodness, to be Thy true child, looking to Thee and serving Thee, until at last I see Thee face to face.

—Floyd W. Tomkins.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### APRIL TWELFTH

**O** Thou dread Pow'r who reign'st above!  
I know Thou wilt me hear  
When for this scene of peace and love  
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,  
Long, long be pleased to spare!  
To bless his filial little flock,  
And show what good men are.

She who her lovely offspring eyes  
With tender hopes and fears,  
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,  
And spare a mother's tears!

Their hope—their stay—their darling youth  
In manhood's dawning blush—  
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,  
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,  
With earnest tears I pray,  
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand—  
Guide Thou their steps away!

When soon or late they reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven,  
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,  
A family in Heaven!

—Robert Burns.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### APRIL THIRTEENTH

**O** Fire that art never quenched, kindle my affections! O Sun of righteousness, that never settest—never art clouded, shine in my heart! How sweet is Thy warmth! How secret and pleasant Thy cheerful light! O let me ever be inflamed with Thy Divine, Thy delightful beams!  
—St. Augustine.

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### APRIL FOURTEENTH

**L**ord, make me one with Thine own faithful ones,  
Thy Saints who love Thee, and are loved by Thee,  
Till the day break and till the shadows flee—  
At one with them in alms and orisons;  
At one with him who toils and him who runs,  
And him who yearns for union yet to be.  
—C. G. Rossetti.

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### APRIL FIFTEENTH

**O** Lord, lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us; let Thy peace rule our hearts; and may it be our strength and our song in the course of our pilgrimage. We commit ourselves

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

to Thy care and keeping this day. Let Thy grace be mighty in us, and may it work both to will and to do of Thy good pleasure; and grant us strength for all the duties of the day. Keep us from sin; give us the rule over our own spirits; and keep us from speaking unadvisedly with our lips. May we live together in peace and holy love, and do Thou command Thy blessing upon us, even life forevermore. Prepare us for all the events of the day, for we know not what a day may bring forth. Give us grace to deny ourselves; to take up our cross daily; and to follow in the steps of our Lord and Master. Amen.

—Matthew Henry.

### APRIL SIXTEENTH

**M**y Lord, I will come nearer; I will take my  
seat  
Close to Thy feet;  
I will come down where the gray shadows lie  
And there I'll listen—listen every day  
To hear Thy voice.  
It may be I must take a lower place:  
But let me have the shining of Thy Face.  
It may be I must seek a humbler home:  
Let it be one where Thou wilt often come,  
And for the needy ones who claim  
An interest in Thy name:  
And I will stand and watch and wait to greet  
The first faint echoes of Thy coming feet.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### APRIL SEVENTEENTH

**O** Lord, by all Thy dealings with us, whether of joy or pain, of light or darkness, let us be brought to Thee. Let us value no treatment of Thy grace simply because it makes us happy or because it makes us sad, because it gives us or denies us what we want; but may all that Thou sendest us bring us to Thee, that, knowing Thy perfectness, we may be sure in every disappointment that Thou art still loving us, and in every darkness that Thou art still enlightening us, and in every enforced idleness that Thou art still using us—yea, in every death that Thou art giving us life, as in His death Thou didst give life to Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Phillips Brooks.

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### APRIL EIGHTEENTH

**O** Thou through suffering perfect made,  
On whom the bitter cross was laid;  
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,  
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

O heal the bruised heart within;  
O save our souls all sick with sin;  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
That we may praise Thee evermore.

—William W. How.

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### APRIL NINETEENTH

**B**y virtue of Thy victory give us also, I entreat Thee, victory. Let Thy pierced Heart win us to love Thee, Thy torn Hands incite us to every good work, Thy wounded Feet urge us on errands of mercy, Thy crown of thorns prick us out of sloth, Thy thirst draw us to thirst after the Living Water Thou givest: let Thy Life be our pattern while we live, and Thy death our triumph over death when we come to die. Amen.

—G. Rossetti.

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### APRIL TWENTIETH

**M**y God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
“Thy will be done!”

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
“Thy will be done!”

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
“Thy will be done!”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne’er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
“Thy will be done!”

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
“Thy will be done!”

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
“Thy will be done!”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I’ll sing upon a happier shore,  
“Thy will be done!”

—Charlotte Elliott.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

**F**ather of heaven! if by Thy mercy's grace  
A living branch I am of that true vine  
Which spreads o'er all—and would we did  
resign

Ourselves entire by faith to its embrace!—  
In me much drooping, Lord, Thine eye will trace,  
Caused by the shade of these rank leaves of mine,  
Unless in season due Thou dost refine  
The humor gross, and quicken its dull pace.  
So cleanse me, that abiding e'er with Thee,  
I feed me hourly with the heavenly dew,  
And with my falling tears refresh the root.  
Thou saidst, and Thou art truth, Thou'dst with  
me be;

Then willing come, that I may bear much fruit,  
And worthy of the stock on which it grew.

—Vittoria Colonna.

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### APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

**G**od of my happy hours, teach me to save  
From each swift-passing moment, some  
bright ray—

That when Thou ledest on the life Thou gave,  
I bear a gift worthy of everlasting day.

—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

**N**or lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,  
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,

Warm, soft and golden. For such gifts to me  
What shall I render, O my God, to Thee?  
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share  
Of pain and ill that human life must bear;  
Save me from selfish pining; let my heart,  
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget  
The bitter longings of a vain regret,  
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.  
Remembering others, as I have to-day,  
In their great sorrows, let me live alway  
Not for myself alone, but have a part,  
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,  
In love which is of Thee, and which indeed Thou art!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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### APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

**G**rant me, O most loving Lord, to rest in Thee  
above all creatures, above all health and  
beauty, above all glory and honor, above all  
power and dignity, above all knowledge and subtilty,  
above all riches and art, above all fame and  
praise, above all sweetness and comfort, above all  
hope and promise, above all gifts and favors that

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Thou canst give and impart to us, above all jubilee that the mind of men can receive and feel; finally, above angels and archangels, and above all the Heavenly host, above all things visible and invisible, and above all that Thou art, O my God. It is too small and unsatisfying, whatsoever Thou bestowest on me apart from Thee, or revealest to me, or promisest, whilst Thou art not seen, and not fully obtained. For surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee. Amen.

—Thomas à Kempis.

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### APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

**I** do not ask for any crown  
But that which all may win:  
Nor try to conquer any world  
Except the one within.  
Be Thou my guide until I find,  
Led by a tender hand,  
The happy kingdom in myself,  
And dare to take command.

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### APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

**O** risen Christ, Who hast gained the eternal victory of life over death, and in whom all men are victorious, give me Thy victory over fear and bitterness. Grant me Thy victory over

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

sorrow that in it my poor sorrows may be hidden and I be comforted. Make me to rise with Thee; and from the other world may I hear united with Thy voice the voices of those who have risen to life through Thee and who can die no more. So do Thou be my Easter comfort and my Easter joy, dear Jesus. Amen. —Floyd W. Tomkins.

### APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

**W**e ask for Peace, O Lord!  
Thy children ask Thy Peace;  
Not what the world calls rest,  
That toil and care should cease,  
That through bright sunny hours  
Calm life should fleet away,  
And tranquil night should fade  
In smiling day;—  
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

We ask for Peace, O Lord!  
Yet not to stand secure,  
Girt round with iron Pride,  
Contented to endure:  
Crushing the gentle strings  
That human hearts should know,  
Untouched by others' joy  
Or others' woe;—  
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

We ask Thy Peace, O Lord!  
Through storm, and fear, and strife,  
To light and guide us on,  
Through a long, struggling life;  
While no success or gain  
Shall cheer the desperate fight,  
Or nerve, what the world calls,  
Our wasted might:—  
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord,  
Who toil while others sleep;  
Who sow with loving care  
What other hands shall reap:  
They lean on Thee entranced,  
In calm and perfect rest;  
Give us that Peace, O Lord,  
Divine and blest,  
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.  
—Adelaide A. Procter.

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### APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

**O** God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be; I beseech Thee for him whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

consolation, in paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of Thy great love.

Grant that his life (so troubled here) may unfold itself in Thy sight, and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. If he hath ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore him that he may serve Thee without hindrance.

Tell him, O gracious Lord, if it may be, how much I love him and miss him, and long to see him again; and, if there be ways in which he may come, vouchsafe him to me as a guide and guard, and grant me a sense of his nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit.

If in aught I can minister to his peace, be pleased of Thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of him as soon as our trial-time is over, or mar the fulness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this my prayer, and let Thy will be done, for my will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

**G**od of my health, Oh! give me notes  
Wherewith to sing in glad, new lays,  
Thy timely praise.

For Thou didst compass me about  
With "very present help," when low  
In pain and woe.

And when, from out her darkened depths,  
My soul cried out for Thee, her stay,  
In sore dismay,  
It was Thy ready hand that saved,  
Thy clasping arm that gave me rest  
Safe on Thy breast.

I know not rightly, Lord, to hymn that love  
Which struggles on my lips for speech—  
But Thou canst teach;  
And He who gave, can surely read  
Its broken utterance to-day—  
Hear, Lord, I pray.

To Thee I wholly consecrate  
The life once more redeemed from ill,  
To work Thy will:  
Dear Lord of Life, accept the gift  
That now my thankful heart would make,  
For Jesus' sake.

—Mary K. A. Stone.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### APRIL THIRTIETH

**A**lmighty God, at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore; We pray Thee to make our religion one of joy and brightness. Dispel from our minds all doubt and gloom that as Thy redeemed and forgiven children we may evermore rejoice. Grant that day by day our lips may be singing Thy praises, and our hearts be gladdened in holy anticipation of the life that knows no ending; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

---

### MAY FIRST

**F**or flowers that bloom about our feet;  
For tender grass so fresh and sweet;  
For song of bird and hum of bee;  
For all things fair we hear and see,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;  
For pleasant shade of branches high;  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### MAY SECOND

**O** God, the King eternal, who dividest the day from darkness, and turnest the shadow of death into the morning: Drive far off from us all wrong desires, incline our hearts to keep Thy law, and guide our feet into the way of peace, that having done Thy will with cheerfulness while it was day, we may, when the night cometh, rejoice to give Thee thanks; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

---

### MAY THIRD

**D**ear Lord, my will from Thine doth run  
Too oft a different way;  
I cannot say, "Thy will be done"  
Through all life's darkened day.  
My heart grows chill to see Thy will  
Turn all earth's gold to gray.

My will is set to gather flowers,  
Thine blights them in my hand;  
Mine reaches for life's sunny hours,  
Thine leads through shadow-land;  
And all my days go on in ways  
I cannot understand.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### MAY FOURTH

**L**ord, help me tell Thy story sweet,  
To troubled ones around me;  
Help me with smiling face to meet  
The duties that surround me.  
Grant unto me the strength to do,  
Each day the task before me;  
And then at last, lead Thou me through  
The mists that hover o'er me.

—George D. Gelwicks.

---

### MAY FIFTH

**I**would be quiet, Lord,  
Nor tease, nor fret;  
Not one small need of mine  
Wilt Thou forget.  
I am now wise to know  
What most I need;  
I dare not cry too loud,  
Lest Thou shouldst heed;  
Lest Thou at length shouldst say,  
"Child, have thy will;  
As thou hast chosen, lo,  
Thy cup I fill!"

What I most crave, perchance  
Thou wilt withhold;

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

As we from hands unmeet  
Keep pearls, or gold;  
As we, when childish hands  
Would play with fire,  
Withhold the burning goal  
Of their desire.  
Yet choose Thou for me—Thou  
Who knowest best;  
This one short prayer of mine  
Holds all the rest!

---

### MAY SIXTH

**G**rant us, O Lord, to pass this day in gladness and peace, without stumbling and without stain; that, reaching the eventide victorious over all temptation, we may praise Thee, the eternal God, who art blessed, and dost govern all things, world without end. Amen.

---

### MAY SEVENTH

**W**hat Thou wilt, O Father, give!  
All is gain that I receive.

\* \* \* \*

Let the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful, so the work be Thine;  
Let me find the humblest place  
In the shadow of Thy grace:

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Blest to me were any spot  
Where temptation whispers not.  
If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led  
And to Heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

---

### MAY EIGHTH

**O**ur heavenly Father, keep us from low aims and motives and views of life that will let us down into the dust. May we climb the summits of God's thoughts where heavenly visions will visit us and we shall see the stars of eternity. Especially do we pray that we may be kept in the love of God so that no pessimistic spirit can creep into our hearts. May Christ dwell in our hearts by faith, and then all life shall be love and song and hope. And this we ask in his name. Amen.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

MAY NINTH

**I**n the hour of trial,  
Jesus, plead for me;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee:  
When Thou seest me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favor  
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm,  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction  
Thou in love chastise,  
Pour thy benediction  
On the sacrifice;  
Then, upon Thine altar  
Freely offered up,  
Though the flesh may falter,  
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes  
To the grave I sink,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

While Heaven's glory flashes  
O'er the shelving brink,  
On Thy truth relying  
Through that mortal strife,  
Lord, receive me, dying,  
To eternal life.

—James Montgomery.

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### MAY TENTH

**H**eavenly Father, grant that every day we may so live, thinking of the future, that death shall be the most radiant of portals, surging through which we ascend to triumph and eternal victory. May it not seem to us a sad thing to grow old. As daylight begins to dawn upon our darkness, leaving its glory there—as one sense after another indicates that Thou art preparing to take down this mortal frame—as we behold these signs and tokens of outward decay, O grant that there may be deep peace, an inward joy, and that the thought of our blessed immortality may be to us as a balm in every trouble, as light in all darkness, as encouragement under all oppressions and trials, and as a guide and an inspiration when things seem to us sapless and dead. Amen.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### MAY ELEVENTH

**L**ord, for the erring thought  
Not into evil wrought:  
Lord, for the wicked will  
Betrayed and baffled still:  
For the heart from itself kept,  
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were  
Broken to our blind prayer:  
For pain, death, sorrow, sent  
Unto our chastisement:  
For all loss of seeming good,  
Quicken our gratitude.

—William Dean Howells.

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### MAY TWELFTH

**L**ord of all things, who sendest forth the light  
and it shineth; Thou that makest the sun to  
arise on the just and on the unjust, on the  
evil and on the good; Thou that createst the morn-  
ing and givest light unto the world: We pray Thee  
enlighten our hearts. Keep us from all sin and  
from every evil deed. Defend us from every arrow  
that flieth by day and from the power of the enemy.  
For it is Thine, O our God, to have pity and to  
save; wherefore to Thee we give glory, through  
Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### MAY THIRTEENTH

**I** cannot think but God must know  
About the thing I long for so;  
I know He is so good, so kind,  
I cannot think but He will find  
Some way to help, some way to show  
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near;  
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.  
“Dear Lord,” I pray, “Oh, let me know  
If it is wrong to want it so?”  
He only smiles—He does not speak:  
My heart grows weaker and more weak,  
With looking at the thing so dear,  
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet  
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;  
I will not seek, I will not long—  
I almost fear I have been wrong.  
I’ll go, and work the harder, Lord,  
And wait till by some loud, clear word  
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,  
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

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## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### MAY FOURTEENTH

**O** God, the Life of the Faithful, the Bliss of the Righteous, mercifully receive the prayers of Thy suppliants, that our souls which thirst for Thy promises may evermore be filled with Thy abundance. Amen.

—Gelasian.

---

### MAY FIFTEENTH

**O** Paradise, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture, through and through,  
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We long to sin no more;  
We long to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
We shall not wait for long;  
E'en now the loving ear may catch  
Faint fragments of thy song;

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
O keep us in Thy love,  
And guide us to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture, through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.  
—Frederick W. Faber.

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### MAY SIXTEENTH

**I** will confess my weakness unto Thee, O Lord.  
Oftentimes a small matter it is that makes me  
sad and dejected.  
I resolve I will act with courage.  
—Thomas à Kempis.

---

### MAY SEVENTEETH

**I** believe it! 'This Thou, my God, that givest, 'tis  
I who receive:  
In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power  
to believe;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

All's one gift: Thou canst grant it moreover, as  
prompt to my prayer,  
As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms  
to the air.  
—Robert Browning.

---

### MAY EIGHTEENTH

**W**e need Thy grace to bear all the changes  
of our lot. Each day brings its cares and  
trials. Each day we have need of Thy  
patience. Disappointments meet us at every step.  
But is not this a part of that gentle discipline by  
which Thou dost bring us nearer Thee? Can we  
not trust Thee still? When our way is overcast;  
when days are dark, and clouds return after the  
rain, may we cling to this assurance that Thou art  
our Father. Give us a childlike faith in Thy Provi-  
dence. May we take hold of Thy hand and be led  
by Thee all our journey through.

—H. M. Field.

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### MAY NINETEETH

**T**wo prayers I heard; one cried in accents loud,  
“So long, so long this weight my soul hath  
bowed!  
And now, O Lord, Thy mercy I implore;  
Remove from me this ill! As ne’er before  
I will adore Thee and afar proclaim

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

The graciousness of Thine Almighty name,  
If Thou wilt give to me some lighter share  
Of the appointed cross which all must bear,  
And once again the heavenly race I'll run."

The other meekly said:

"Thy will be done!

'Tis meet that I should suffer, Saviour mine;  
The thorns that pierced as rays of glory shine  
When I look up to Thee. O proud estate!  
To bear Thy cross and cheerfully to wait,  
E'en to the glorious end! I do not seek  
A lighter burden, tho' my flesh is weak,  
But I implore new strength for every day,  
That I may never falter in the way.  
Then with swift feet, the heavenly race I'll run,  
And so, again, Thy holy will be done!"

—Beatrice Clayton.

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### MAY TWENTIETH

**A**s the days hasten, as the years are drawing  
nigh, when we, too, shall soon pass, give to  
us tokens and premonitions of our own  
acceptance. Grant that more and more the cords  
which make earth so precious may be ready to part,  
so that there may be nothing here to hold us when  
we should go, everything there to draw us when we  
should rise. When death comes, may we neither  
dread nor hate it, but with the eye of faith see its

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

inward heart and nature. How merciful, how more balmy than sleep, how kind, how full of God's multitudinous blessings, is that providence which takes us away from the limitations of time, of sin, and of sorrow upon earth, and brings us into the presence of our God, into the exaltation of the heavenly state, where are radiant joy, and all peace and purity! This is Thy gift, O Thou atoning Jesus! O Thou who hast died for us, and in whom we live, by whom our sins are cleansed away, give us unclouded faith! O Thou who art Prince and Saviour, save us now, in dying and beyond; and bring us into the infinite joy of Thy Father's kingdom, where we shall praise the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit! Amen! —Henry Ward Beecher.

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### MAY TWENTY-FIRST

**D**ear Saviour, Thou art all my strength,  
My comfort and my stay;  
My only prayer is for more power  
To serve Thee day by day.

How petty are the pains of life  
When laid upon Thy cross?  
How glorious is Thy recompense  
Of love for earthly loss?

I give my life, dear Lord, to Thee  
For service not repose,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Breathe into it Thy fortitude  
Until its labors close.

Then will its end be sweet, serene,  
Full of all glad content,  
Not for what it has had to keep,  
But what for Thee 't has spent.  
—Ethelbert D. Warfield.

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### MAY TWENTY-SECOND

**T**o live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich—to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart—to bear all cheerfully—do all bravely, await occasions,—hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This to be my symphony.

—William Ellery Channing.

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### MAY TWENTY-THIRD

**F**rom Thee is all that soothes the life of man,  
His high endeavors and his glad success,  
His strength to suffer and his will to serve.  
But O Thou sovereign Giver of all good,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown;—  
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

—Cowper.

---

### MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

**A**lmighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Book of Common Prayer.

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### MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

**T**oo tired to pray! O Father, tired of toiling,  
Tired of the heavy load, the blistering way,  
Weary of all monotone of moiling,  
Tired out—too tired to pray.

Too sad to pray! undone, my God, with trouble,  
The same dull heartache borne another day,  
My life an empty field of worthless rubble,  
And I—too sad to pray.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Too sinful—yes, for any further praying,  
Too proud to hear, too wicked to obey,  
Loathing the desert path, yet ever straying,  
And gone too far to pray.

O Christ, pray for me! Weary, sad, in silence,  
My impotence at Thy dear feet I lay.  
Jesus, my final Help, my All-reliance,  
Pray—for I cannot pray!

—Amos R. Wells.

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### MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

**O** God, perfect us in love, that we may conquer all selfishness and hatred of others; fill our hearts with Thy joy, and shed abroad in them Thy peace which passeth understanding; that so those murmurings and disputings to which we are too prone may be overcome. Make us long-suffering and gentle, and thus subdue our hastiness and angry tempers, and grant that we may bring forth the blessed fruits of the Spirit, to Thy praise and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Henry Alford.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

**B**ow down Thine ear, O Jehovah, and answer me;

For I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am godly:

O Thou my God, save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord;

For unto Thee do I cry all the day long.

Rejoice the soul of Thy servant;

For unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive,  
And abundant in loving kindness unto all them that  
call upon Thee.

Give ear, O Jehovah, unto my prayer;

And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee;

For Thou wilt answer me.

There is none like unto Thee among the gods, O  
Lord;

Neither are there any works like unto Thy works.

All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and  
worship before Thee, O Lord;

And they shall glorify Thy name.

For Thou art great and doest wondrous things:

Thou art God alone.

—David.

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

**M**ore love to Thee, O Christ!  
More love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest:  
Now Thee alone I seek;  
Give what is best:  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee.

Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

—Elizabeth Payson Prentiss.

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### MAY TWENTY-NINTH

**T**arry with me, O my Saviour!  
For the day is passing by;  
See! the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lonely seems the vale of shadow;  
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;  
Give me faith for clearer vision,  
Speak Thou, Lord! in words of cheer.

Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the Everlasting Arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me—  
Morning of eternal rest.

—Caroline L. Smith.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### MAY THIRTIETH

**L**ord of Hosts, who didst guide our fathers out of the house of bondage, and through the Red Sea of war, who hast granted us an heritage of glorious sufferings and the strength of chastening trial, appointing us for the protection of the weak, and giving us a potent ministry to all the world; bind up the nation's wounds and make us whole. Help us to close the widening chasm between the strong and weak, the rich and poor; to cast into it all pride and prejudice, luxury and lust, envy and covetousness, the insolence of riches with the rancor of poverty, that we may fill it full and make a highway for the King to pass over, and for all the people to walk in together. We ask this in His Name who maketh men to be of one mind in a house and giveth integrity to states, who casteth out devils and confoundeth the tongues of foolish counsellors, the Desire of all Nations, Jesus Christ. Amen.

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### MAY THIRTY-FIRST

**G**od of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JUNE FIRST

**H**ow beautiful this dome of sky;  
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed  
At Thy command, how awful! Shall the  
Soul,

Human and rational—report of Thee  
Even less than these?—Be mute who will, who can,  
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice:  
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,  
Cannot forget Thee here, where Thou hast built,  
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness!

. . . By Thy grace  
The particle divine remained unquenched;  
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,  
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,  
From paradise transplanted: wintry age  
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;  
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!  
Come, labour, when the worn-out frame requires  
Perpetual Sabbath; come, disease and want;  
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;  
But leave me unabated trust in Thee—  
And let Thy favour, to the end of life,  
Inspire me with ability to seek  
Repose and hope among eternal things—  
Father of Heaven and Earth! and I am rich,  
And will possess my portion in content.

—William Wordsworth.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JUNE SECOND

**A**lmighty God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain, and entered not into glory before He was crucified; mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the Cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### JUNE THIRD

**W**hose eye foresaw this way?  
Not mine.  
Whose hand marked out this day?  
Not mine—

A clearer eye than mine,  
'Twas Thine.  
A wiser hand than mine,  
'Twas Thine!

Then let my hand be still  
In Thine,  
And let me find my will  
In Thine!

—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

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## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JUNE FOURTH

**O** Lord, our Heavenly Father, who art the Guide of them that journey, and the unwearying Guard of them that sojourn; we earnestly supplicate Thy blessing in behalf of Thy servants who are absent from us. Take them, we beseech Thee, under Thy special protection. Be unto them a helper in their setting out, a Solace by the way, a Shadow from the heat, a Covert from the storm, a Comfort and Support in weariness, and a Guardian against all danger. Direct them in the way of peace and prosperity, and give Thy holy angels charge over them to keep them in all their ways; that Thou being their Ruler and Guide, they may prosperously finish their journey and return to their home in peace and safety. And finally may it please Thee that we may all so pass through things temporal, as at length by Thy mercy to attain unto the gate of everlasting life. All which we beg through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### JUNE FIFTH

**F**ather, I do not ask  
That Thou shouldst choose some other task,  
And make it mine; I pray  
But this; let every day  
Be moulded still



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

By Thine own hand ; my will  
Be only Thine, however deep  
I have to bend, my hand to keep.  
Let me not simply do, but be content,  
Sure that the little crosses each are sent,  
And no mistake can ever be  
With Thine own hand to choose for me.

---

### JUNE SIXTH

**E**ternal God, who hast neither dawn nor evening, yet sendest us alternate mercies of darkness and the day ; there is no light but Thine, without, within. As Thou liftest the curtain of night from our abodes, take also the veil from all our hearts. Rise with Thy morning upon our souls ; quicken all our labor and our prayer ; and though all else declines, let the noontide of Thy grace and peace remain. May we walk, while it is yet day, in the steps of Him, who, with fewest hours, finished Thy divinest work, Thy Son, our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

---

### JUNE SEVENTH

**W**hat is that I hunger for but God?  
My God, my God, let me for once look  
upon Thee  
As though nought else existed, we alone !  
—Robert Browning.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JUNE EIGHTH

**A**lmighty God, merciful Father, who hast granted me such continuance of life, look with mercy upon me, as Thou grantest increase of years, grant increase of grace. Let me live to repent what I have done amiss, and by Thy help so to regulate my future life, that I may obtain mercy when I appear before Thee, through the merits of Jesus Christ. Enable me, O Lord, to do my duty with a quiet mind; and take not from me Thy Holy Spirit, but protect and bless me, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Samuel Johnson.

---

### JUNE NINTH

**W**hen sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,—  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And oh, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

My dying bed, for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

—Robert Grant.

---

### JUNE TENTH

**U**nite us, O Lord, to Thee as the branch is  
united to the vine. Abide in us and cause  
us to abide in Thee, and may we bear good  
fruit and much for the good of others, and by the  
food now received be prepared the better to obey  
Thee and to serve men, through Jesus Christ.  
Amen.

—John H. Vincent.

---

### JUNE ELEVENTH

**F**rom full forgetfulness of pain,  
From joy to opening joy again,  
With bird and flower, and hill and tree,  
We lift our eyes and hands to Thee,  
To greet Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth!  
That Thou dost bathe our souls anew  
With balm of light and heavenly dew.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

And smilest in our upward eyes  
From the far blue of smiling skies,  
We bless Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth!

For human love and love divine,  
For love of ours and love of Thine,  
For heaven on earth and heaven above—  
To Thee and us twin homes of love—  
We thank Thee, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth!  
—J. G. Holland.

From "Mistress of the Manse." Copyright, 1901. Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

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### JUNE TWELFTH

**N**ight has drawn its veil over the world again,  
and we come to take refuge in Thee, our  
Father. Thou art our refuge and our  
strength, a very present help in trouble. We fear  
not the darkness, for Thou art in it. It is but Thy  
garment enfolding Thee. Thou art as truly in the  
darkness as in the light. May the wings of night  
be to us the wings of God, under whose shadow we  
shall find refuge, warmth and blessing. Amen.

—J. R. Miller.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JUNE THIRTEENTH

**I** am old and blind!  
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,  
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;  
I murmur not that I no longer see;  
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
Father Supreme! to Thee.

All-merciful One!  
When men are furthest, then Thou art most near;  
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,  
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—  
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;  
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see  
Thyself,—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;  
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
Can come no evil thing.

—Elizabeth Lloyd Howell.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JUNE FOURTEENTH

**W**e thank Thee, O Lord, for that perpetual springtime with which Thou visitest the human soul. We bless Thee for the sun of righteousness, which never sets, nor allows any night there, but, with healing in his beams, shakes down perennial day on eyes that open, and on hearts that, longing, lift them up to Thee.

—Theodore Parker.

---

### JUNE FIFTEENTH

**O** my dear Heavenly Father, God and Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, God of all consolation, I give Thee thanks that Thou hast revealed to me Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, in whom I have lived and glorified. I pray Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, to take my poor soul under Thy protection. O my dear Heavenly Father, though I may be obliged to quit this body and quit this life, I am sure I shall dwell forever with Thee, and no one shall pluck me out of Thy hands. Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of Truth.

—Martin Luther.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JUNE SIXTEENTH

**T**he minutes have their trusts as they go by,  
To bear Thy love who wing'st their viewless  
flight;

To Thee who bear their record as they fly,

And never from their ceaseless round alight.

Rich with the life Thou liv'st they come to me—

Oh! may I all that life to others show;

That they from strife may rise and rest in Thee,

And all Thy peace in Christ by me may know.

Then shall the morning call me from my rest,

With joyful hope that I Thy child may live;

And when the evening comes, 'twill make me blest

To know that Thou wilt peaceful slumber give;

Such as Thou dost to weary laborers send,

Whose sleep from Thee doth with the dew descend.

—Jones Very.

---

### JUNE SEVENTEENTH

**O**merciful God, be Thou now unto me a  
strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat  
Thee. Give me grace to await Thy leisure,  
and patiently to bear what Thou doest unto me;  
nothing doubting or mistrusting Thy goodness to-  
wards me; for Thou knowest what is good for me  
better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things  
what Thou wilt; only arm me, I beseech Thee, with

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thine armor, that I may stand fast; above all things,  
taking to me the shield of faith; praying always  
that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will,  
abiding Thy pleasure, and comforting myself in  
those troubles which it shall please Thee to send  
me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me; and  
I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest can  
not but be well; and unto Thee be all honor and  
glory. Amen.

—Lady Jane Grey.

---

### JUNE EIGHTEENTH

**F**ain would I be faithful, so daily to prove  
To those whom I meet that my life has a  
spring

Abundant in beauty and precious in love,

And that close to the Vine in my earth-life I cling.

Fain would I be faithful, nor follow afar,

Fain would I abide where Thy chosen ones are;

My Master, my Saviour, be gracious to me,

In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.

Fain would I be cheerful, and sing as I go,

Uplifting Thy praise through darkness and dawn;

Fain wear a white robe, not the garment of woe,

And joyously, blithely, and gayly go on.

Oh, bid me to triumph and smile through my tears,

Oh, crown me a victor o'er trials and fears.

My Master, my Master, my joy is in Thee,

In Thee is my help, Lord, and only in Thee.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

JUNE NINETEENTH

**W**e would cast all our cares on Thee, knowing and rejoicing that Thou "carest for us" in a way and measure that the nearest and fondest on earth knows nothing of. Seeing Thou hast loved us with such an overflowing and everlasting love, may we love Thee better in return; may we not requite Thee with coldness and unthankfulness. May the best of our thoughts, and the best of our lives, and the best of our time, be surrendered freely to Thee. Let us trust in Thee in everything; let us see Thy faithfulness in every event in our chequered and changing histories. How Thou hast smoothed our way in the past!—every thorn has been blunted, every cross has been lightened; our fears have been disappointed, our fondest hopes fulfilled. We will trust Thee in the future; if sorrow should darken our path, keep us from that guilty atheism which refuses to see in our trials any other hand but Thine. Let us feel that the great Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep cannot lead us wrong.

Bless our dear friends; may the Lord be their keeper—may the sun not smite them by day, nor the moon by night. Do Thou preserve them from all evil, in their going out and in their coming in, from this time, henceforth, and even for evermore.

Be Thou with us throughout this day; sanctify all its duties; go with us where we go, dwell with us where we dwell; may we pitch our tent ever near

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thyself, and then we shall be safe. Hear us, gracious God, and accept of us for the Redeemer's sake. Amen.

—John R. MacDuff.

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### JUNE TWENTIETH

**L**et my soul beneath her load  
Faint not through the o'erwearied flesh;  
Let me hourly drink afresh  
Love and peace from Thee, my God.

—Richter.

---

### JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

**I** desire, O God, this day most earnestly to please Thee; to do Thy will in each several thing which Thou shalt give me to do; to bear each thing which Thou shalt allow to befall me contrary to my will, meekly, humbly, patiently, as a gift from Thee to subdue self-will in me; and to make Thy will wholly mine. What I do, make me do simply as Thy child; let me be throughout the day, as a child in his loving father's presence, ever looking up to Thee. May I love Thee for all Thy love. May I thank Thee, if not in words, yet in my heart, for each gift of Thy love, for each comfort which Thou allowest me day by day. Amen.

—E. B. Pusey.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

**O** Infinite of joy and light,  
Wherewith we are surrounded,  
We lift our spirits to Thy height  
Unfathomed and unbounded;  
Thy greatness drowns our petty cares,  
Thy heaven is in us, unawares.

—Lucy Larcom.

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### JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

**O** Almighty God, who alone canst order the  
unruly wills and affections of sinful men;  
Grant unto Thy people, that they may love  
the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that  
which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sun-  
dry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts  
may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to  
be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Book of Common Prayer.

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### JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

**O**ur Father, Thou who dwellest in the Heavens,  
Not circumscribed, but from the greater  
love  
Thou bearest to the first effects on high,  
Praised be Thy name and Thine omnipotence

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

By every creature, as befitting is  
To render thanks to Thy sweet effluence.  
Come unto us the peace of Thy dominion,  
For unto it we cannot of ourselves,  
If it come not, with all our intellect.  
Even as Thine own Angels of their will  
Make sacrifice to Thee, Hosanna singing,  
So may all men make sacrifice of theirs.  
Give unto us this day our daily manna,  
Withouten which in this rough wilderness  
Backward goes he who toils most to advance.  
And even as we the trespass we have suffered  
Pardon in one another, pardon Thou  
Benignly and regard not our desert.  
Our virtue, which is easily o'ercome,  
Put not to proof with the old adversary,  
But Thou from him who spurs it so, deliver.  
This last petition, verily, dear Lord,  
Not for ourselves is made, who need it not,  
But for their sake who have remained behind us.  
—Dante (Longfellow).

---

### JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

**L**ord, give us hearts never to forget Thy love;  
but to dwell therein whatever we do, whether  
we sleep or wake, live or die, or rise again  
to the life that is to come. For Thy love is eternal  
life and everlasting rest; for this is life eternal to

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

know Thee and Thy infinite goodness. O let its flame never be quenched in our hearts; let it grow and brighten, till our whole souls are glowing and shining with its light and warmth. Be Thou our Joy and Hope, our Strength and Life, our Shield and Shepherd, our Portion for ever. For happy are we if we continue in the love wherewith Thou hast loved us; holy are we when we love Thee steadfastly. Therefore, O Thou, Whose name and essence is Love, enkindle our hearts, enlighten our understandings, sanctify our wills, and fill all the thoughts of our hearts, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

—Johann Arndt.

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### JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

**L**ord, for to-morrow and its needs,  
I do not pray;  
Keep me from stain of sin,  
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,  
And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed  
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,  
Prompt to obey;

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Help me to sacrifice myself  
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unthinking say;  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips  
Just for to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs  
I do not pray;  
But keep me, guide me, hold me  
Just for to-day.

—Canon Farrar.

---

### JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

**G**od, to whom we look up blindly,  
Look Thou down upon us kindly:  
We have sinned, but not designedly.

If our faith in Thee was shaken,  
Pardon Thou our hearts mistaken,  
Our obedience re-awaken.

We are sinful, Thou art holy:  
Thou art mighty, we are lowly:  
Let us reach Thee, climbing slowly.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Our ingratitude confessing,  
On Thy mercy still transgressing,  
Thou dost punish us with blessing.

—Bayard Taylor.

---

### JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

**W**arm my cold heart, Lord, I beseech Thee.  
Take away all that hinders me from giving myself to Thee. Mould me according to Thine own image. Give me grace to obey Thee in all things, and ever to follow Thy gracious leading. Make me this day to be kind to my fellow-men, to be gentle and unselfish, careful to hurt no one by word or deed, but anxious to do good to all, and to make others happy. O Lord, forgive the sins of my temper. Pardon all my hasty words and unchristian thoughts. Make me watchful, that I offend not with my tongue. Give me a meek and loving spirit, which is in Thy sight of great price. I would not live unto myself, but unto Thee. Keep me from sin this day, and all that may offend Thee; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

—Ashton Oxenden.

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

**M**y Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
O may Thy will be mine;  
Into Thy hand of love  
I would my all resign.  
Through sorrow, or through joy,  
Conduct me as Thine own;  
And help me still to say,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
Though seen through many a tear,  
Let not my star of hope  
Grow dim or disappear.  
Since Thou on earth hast wept  
And sorrowed oft alone,  
If I must weep with Thee,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!  
All shall be well for me;  
Each changing future scene  
I gladly trust with Thee.  
Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on,  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy will be done.

—Benjamin Schmolck.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JUNE THIRTIETH

**I**mmortal Love, within whose righteous will  
Is always peace;  
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill,  
Let passion cease;  
Come down in power within my heart to reign,  
For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

The days are gone, when far and wide my will  
Drove me astray;  
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,  
That narrow way,  
Which leads through mist and rocks to Thine abode,  
Toiling for man and Thee, Almighty God.

Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot  
I gladly bear;  
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,  
Nor yet Thy care;  
Freedom from storms and wild desires within,  
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

So may I, far away, when evening falls  
On life and love,  
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,  
With Thee above;  
Wounded, yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,  
And sure that goodness is my only Heaven.

—Stopford A. Brooke.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JULY FIRST

**H**ear our prayer, O Lord, and consider our desires. Give unto us true humility, a meek and quiet spirit, a loving and a friendly, a holy and a useful manner of life; bearing the burdens of our neighbors, denying ourselves, and studying to benefit others, and to please Thee in all things. Grant us to be righteous in performing promises, loving to our relatives, careful of our charges; to be gentle and easy to be entreated, slow to anger, and readily prepared for every good work. Amen.

—Jeremy Taylor.

### JULY SECOND

**O** Lord, I pray  
That for this day  
I may not swerve  
By foot or hand  
From Thy command,  
Not to be served, but serve.

This, too, I pray;  
That from this day  
No love of ease  
Nor pride prevent  
My good intent,  
Not to be pleased, but please.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

And if I may  
I'd have this day  
Strength from above  
To set my heart  
In heavenly art,  
Not to be loved, but to love.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

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### JULY THIRD.

**L**ord, we pray Thee, bless our land, that there may be peace within our gates and plenty within our homes. May there be among us all health, purity and righteousness, and all thanksgiving to Thee; and may Thy blessing dwell upon all Thy people; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

---

### JULY FOURTH

**A**lmighty God, who in former times didst lead our fathers forth into a wealthy place; give Thy grace, we humbly beseech Thee, to us their children, that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favour, and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honourable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Defend our lib-

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

erties, preserve our unity. Save us from violence, discord and confusion, from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Fashion into one happy people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those whom we entrust in Thy Name with the authority of governance, to the end that there be peace at home, and that we keep a place among the nations of the earth. In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness; and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fail; all which we ask for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

---

### JULY FIFTH

**L**eave me not, leave me not alone,  
Thou Spirit strong and sweet!  
Work on till I am all Thine own—  
Thy hallowing grace repeat.

Once by Thy help I overthrew  
The world, the fiend, the flesh;  
Wilt Thou not strengthen me anew  
And vanquish them afresh?

Thou Who didst once this soul renew,  
Still Thy sweet skill essay;  
Through all my life the work pursue;  
Renew me every day!

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Each day I slip, each day I roam,  
Each day I faint and tire;  
Wilt Thou not every day o'ercome  
And every day inspire?

—Thomas H. Gill.

---

### JULY SIXTH

**A**lmighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all those who are penitent; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we, worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Book of Common Prayer.

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### JULY SEVENTH

**I**f I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Books, and my food, and Summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—  
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

---

### JULY EIGHTH

**F**ather in Heaven! Thou didst send Thy Son to reveal Thyself to us, Thy Father-love, and all that that love has for us. And He has taught us, that the gift above all gifts which Thou wouldst bestow in answer to prayer is, the Holy Spirit.

O my Father! I come to Thee with this prayer; there is nothing I would—may I not say, I do—desire so much as to be filled with the Spirit, the Holy Spirit. The blessings He brings are so unspeakable, and just what I need. He sheds abroad Thy love in the heart, and fills it with Thyself. I long for this. He breathes the mind and life of Christ in me, so that I live as He did, in and for the Father's love. I long for this. He endues with power from on high for all my walk, and work. I long for this. O Father! I beseech Thee, give me this day the fulness of Thy Spirit.

—Andrew Murray.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JULY NINTH

**F**ather, I do not ask for wealth or fame,  
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:

I shudder not to bear a hated name,

Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.

But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;

A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;

A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;

A manly faith that makes all darkness light;

Give me the power to labor for mankind;

Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;

Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;

A conscience to the base; and to the weak

Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;

And lead still further on such as Thy kingdom  
seek.

—Theodore Parker.

---

### JULY TENTH

**O** God of love, O Giver of concord, Who hast given one counsel for our profit, with a new commandment, that we should love one another even as Thou didst love us, the unworthy and the wandering; we pray Thee, Lord, give to us Thy servants, in all time of our life on earth, a mind forgetful of past ill-will, a pure conscience and sincere thoughts, and a heart to love our brethren. Amen.

—St. Gregory Theologus.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JULY ELEVENTH

**D**efend us, Lord, from every ill.  
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will.  
In all we plan and all we do  
Still keep us to Thy service true.

O let us hear the inspiring word  
Which they of old at Horeb heard.  
Breathe to our hearts the high command,  
“Go onward and possess the land!”

Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!  
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!  
Open our eyes and make us see  
The path which leads to Heaven and Thee!

—John Hay.

---

### JULY TWELFTH

**O** God, the day may have shadows for us, or it may bring to us hardship and self-denial; but we shall not be afraid. Our path through gloom shall lead to joy and peace. So we will press on in patient self-denial, accepting the hardship, not shrinking from the loss. Our blessing lies beyond the hour of trial, our crown beyond the cross. Let us not falter in any experience. Let not the world have dominion over us to-day. Help us to fix our



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

eyes on the heavenly hills, and press on to the glory that waits for us there with Thee. Hear us, O God, and grant to us Thy blessing and grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—J. R. Miller.

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### JULY THIRTEENTH

**L**ord, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parched grounds revive, as with a shower!  
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth a sunny outline brave and clear.  
We kneel how weak! We rise, how full of power!  
Why, wherefore should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others, that we are not always strong;  
That we are ever overborne with care;  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee!

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JULY FOURTEENTH

**O** Love Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary road we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near!  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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### JULY FIFTEENTH

**L**ord, we would learn to trust in Thee at all times. We think we are trusting Thee when the sunlight falls unbroken and bright upon our way; but when the clouds gather and the storm

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

breaks our hearts faint and our faith loses its vision. May we have such faith as will feel Thee in the dark and walk calmly through the storm. We would learn when we are weary and fretful or tempted and discouraged to be still and know that Thou art God. May we cease our struggling and worrying and let Thee have Thy way with us until around our restlessness flows Thy rest. But may such rest renew our vigor that we may fight the good fight of faith and win the victory. And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

### JULY SIXTEENTH

**A** abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

—Henry F. Lyte.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JULY SEVENTEENTH

**M**ay we not suffocate our souls in the world's atmosphere, but go up to the mountain-top, where the air is fresher and purer. May all our work have a finer finish, and may we put into it a nobler and more exalted purpose, because it is done for Thee. Thou hast encouraged every confidence by telling us to call Thee "Father." Increase our intimacy so that we may tell Thee what we could tell to no other—yes, even what we could not express to ourselves.

—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

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### JULY EIGHTEENTH

**I**n the still air the music lies unheard;  
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;  
To make the music and the beauty needs  
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.  
Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand;  
Let not the music that is in us die;  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

—Horatius Bonar.

FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

JULY NINETEENTH

**D**ear Lord, let me recount to Thee  
Some of the great things Thou hast done  
For me, even me  
Thy little one.

It was not I that cared for Thee,—  
But Thou didst set Thy heart upon  
Me, even me,  
Thy little one.

And therefore was it sweet to Thee  
To leave Thy Majesty and Throne.  
And grow like me  
Thy little one.

A swaddled Baby on the knee  
Of a dear Mother of Thine own,  
Quite weak like me.  
Thy little one.

And Thou didst assume my misery,  
And reap the harvest I had sown,  
Comforting me,  
Thy little one.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy unblemished Body on the Tree  
Was bared and broken to atone  
For me, for me  
Thy little one.

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thou lovedst me upon the Tree,—  
Still me, hid by the ponderous stone, —  
    Me always,—me  
    Thy little one.

And love of me arose with Thee  
When death and hell lay overthrown:  
    Thou lovedst me  
    Thy little one.

And love of me went up with Thee  
To sit upon Thy Father's Throne:  
    Thou lovest me  
    Thy little one.

Lord, as Thou me, so would I Thee  
Love in pure love's communion,  
    For Thou lov'st me  
    Thy little one.

Which love of me brings back with Thee  
To Judgment when the Trump is blown,  
    Still loving me  
    Thy little one.

—C. G. Rossetti.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### JULY TWENTIETH

**O** Lord Jesus Christ, Who didst take upon Thee human childhood for the sake of little children; Who didst choose to be born in poverty and destitution for the sake of the poor and the destitute; and didst suffer Thyself to be persecuted by Herod for the sake of the downtrodden and oppressed, look with pity, we beseech Thee, upon all orphans and destitute children, and so draw to them the hearts of all who love Thee, that they may bring them unto Thee, O Blessed Jesus! and place them in Thy arms, as Thine for time and for eternity, Who art with the Father and the Holy Ghost ever one God, world without end. Amen.

—George Franklin Seymour.

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### JULY TWENTY-FIRST

**E**ternal Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.  
—William Whiting.

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### JULY TWENTY-SECOND

**O**ut of the depths, dear Lord, I lift  
My anguished heart to Thee to-day,  
Amid this dark, o'ershadowing cloud  
I ask Thy light upon the way.  
Too weak am I, too feeble all,  
To bear alone the weight of pain,  
Yet well I know that Thou art near  
To dry the tears which fall like rain.



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

With Thee, dear Lord, is power to break  
The winter of this night of grief  
And all these gloomy doubts dispel,  
And give for sorrow sweet relief;  
O closely fold my spirit in  
The mantle of Thy perfect rest,  
And teach me evermore to lean  
In trust and love upon Thy breast!

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### JULY TWENTY-THIRD

**G**rant unto us, Almighty God, that when our vision fails, and our understanding is darkened; when the ways of life seem hard, and the brightness of life is gone,—to us grant the wisdom that deepens faith when the sight is dim, and enlarges trust when the understanding is not clear. And whensoever Thy ways in nature or in the soul are hard to be understood, then may our quiet confidence, our patient trust, our loving faith in Thee be great, and as children knowing that they are loved, cared for, guarded, kept, may we with a quiet mind at all times put our trust in the unseen God. So may we face life without fear, and death without fainting; and, whatsoever may be in the life to come, give us confident hope that whatsoever is best for us both here and hereafter is Thy good pleasure, and will be Thy law. Amen.

—George Dawson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

**A**bide in me! There have been moments blest,  
When I have heard Thy voice and felt  
Thy power;  
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,  
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare,  
Abide in me and they shall ever be!  
Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer:  
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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### JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

**A**lmighty God, grant that by the faithful practice of the things that we know to be true, our hearts may be purged of all evil thoughts and desires, and we be brought back again to something of the pureness of spirit by which alone Thou mayest be served. Forgive all our wanderings from the light. Grant that we may escape this great condemnation—that light having come into the world, we have chosen darkness rather than light. Show us the light, and cause us to live in it, and by it to pass through the shadow of death with safety, and to abide with it forevermore. Hear us of Thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—George Dawson.

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

**L**aid on Thine altar, O my Lord divine,  
Accept this gift—to-day, for Jesus' sake.  
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,  
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;  
But there I bring within my trembling hand  
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small  
And Thou alone, O Lord, canst understand  
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching gaze can see  
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,  
All that I have, or am, or fain would be—  
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.  
It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,  
Clenched in my grasp, till beauty it hath none:  
Now from Thy footstool, where it vanished lies,  
The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be done!"

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,  
And merge it so in Thine own will that e'en  
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,  
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been  
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,  
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,  
I may not know or feel it as mine own,  
But, gaining back my will, may find it Thine.

FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

**A**lone with God! still nearer bend;  
O, tender Father, condescend  
In this my need, to be my friend.

Alone with God! safe in Thine arms,  
O shield me from life's wild alarms,  
O save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God! my Father, bless  
With Thy celestial promises,  
The soul that needs Thy tenderness.

Alone with God! O, sweet to me  
This covert to whose shade I flee,  
To breathe repose in Thee—in Thee!

—Mary Clemmer Ames.

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JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

**O** Lord, I fling myself with all my weakness  
and misery into Thy ever-open arms. I  
know that I am ignorant and much mis-  
taken about myself. Thou, who seest in very truth,  
look mercifully on me. Lay Thy healing hand upon  
my wounds. Pour the life-giving balm of Thy love  
into my heart. Do for me what I have not the cour-  
age to do for myself. Save me in spite of myself.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

May I be Thine; wholly Thine, and, at all costs, Thine. In humiliation, in poverty, in suffering, in self-abnegation, Thine. Thine in the way Thou knowest to be most fitting, in order that Thou mightest be now and ever mine. Thou art my Strength and my Redeemer. I am Thy poor little creature, dependent on Thy merciful charity alone. Amen.

—Père Besson.

### JULY TWENTY-NINTH

**O**nly one prayer today,  
One earnest, tearful plea;  
A litany from out the heart,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

Although my sin is great,  
Still to my God I flee:  
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,  
“Have mercy, Lord, on me.”

Because of Jesus' cross,  
And that unfathomed sea,  
The crimson tide which laves the world,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

No other Name than His,  
My hope, my help may be:  
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

In garb of sorrow clad  
I crave Thy pardon free;  
In life to die, in death to live;  
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

—William C. Dix.

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### JULY THIRTIETH

**T**each me Thy way, O Jehovah; I will walk  
in Thy truth:

Unite my heart to fear Thy name.

I will praise Thee, O Lord, my God, with my whole  
heart;

And I will glorify Thy name for evermore:  
For great is Thy lovingkindness toward me;  
And Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest  
Sheol.

O God, the proud are risen up against me,  
And a company of violent men have sought after  
my soul,

And have not set Thee before them.

But Thou, O Lord, art a God merciful and gracious,  
Slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness  
and truth.

Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;  
Give Thy strength unto Thy servant,  
And save the son of Thy handmaid.  
Show me a token for good,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

That they who hate me may see it, and be put to  
shame,  
Because Thou, Jehovah, hast helped me, and com-  
forted me.

—David.

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### JULY THIRTY-FIRST

**O**h, Lord! that seest from yon starry height,  
Centered in one the future and the past,  
Fashioned in Thine own image, see how fast  
The world obscures in me what once was bright!  
Eternal Sun! the warmth which Thou hast given  
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;  
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,  
For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.  
Celestial King! oh, let Thy presence pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there  
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST FIRST

**D**ear Lord, a thousand streams run free  
By sunny banks of wood and wild  
This day, to shine and work for thee;  
And I am but a little child;  
Yet help me, in my work and play,  
To do Thy will as well as they.

They catch the sunlight from the sky  
And flash it back on wave and shoal;  
Lord, make me glad to-day, till I  
Show forth Thy Sunlight in my soul,  
The mirror of Thy joy and grace  
Outshining in a loving face.

They bear thy gifts from far-off springs  
To bless the thirsty fields of grain,  
And feed the wild, sweet, growing things  
That wait on Thee by hill and plain.  
The birds and beasts their bounty share;  
What gifts hast Thou for me to bear?

And at the last they come, I know,  
Back to the sea that gave them birth;  
The glorious sea!

So, when I go  
Out from the beauty of this earth,  
Even as Thy rivers find the sea  
Let me find rest at home with Thee.

—Mabel Earle.



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST SECOND

**F**ather, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me;  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see:  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And to wipe the weeping eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate;  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

—Anna L. Waring.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST THIRD

**O** Thou Hope of all holy and humble men of heart, and the Saviour of them that trust in Thee in time of trouble, give us not over as captives, in spiritual chains; but recover us, that we may awake to do Thy will. Lord, Thou knowest all our desire, and our secret sighing is not hidden from Thee. Into Thy hands I commend my soul and my prayer: give what Thou seest fit, and fit us for what Thou givest. Give us wisdom to abound, or patience to suffer need; and where the Master placed us, there to be content. Let all our work be done well before we come to die; and let us be gathered into Thine arms, as the harvesters gather a shock in full season. Let our death be happy; and our happiness beyond the power of death. Amen.

—Rowland Williams.

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### AUGUST FOURTH

**F**or patience, Lord, in faith I ask,  
That I may trials bear,  
And count it not an irksome task  
A cross with Thee to share;—

The patience Thou didst ever show  
In every trouble keen,

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Abashing each malignant foe  
By its supernal sheen;—

The patience with an upward look  
Into Thy Father's face,  
Enabling Thee contempt to brook  
With dignity and grace;—

The patience that enriched Thy life  
Of sorrow and of pain,  
And turned for Thee all hate and strife  
To everlasting gain.

Abundant measure, Master mine,  
Of this I ask in prayer,  
That I, reflecting Thee, may shine  
E'en in the midst of care.

Forgive me that I ever gave  
Myself to passion's frown;  
O teach me, Lord, how to be brave  
And how to keep my crown.

—William H. Bancroft.

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### AUGUST FIFTH

**I** have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure!

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

AUGUST SIXTH

**T**hou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for  
rest;

Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,  
I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet—Thou knowest, Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;  
As man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O Saviour! Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved!  
And Love and Sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,  
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete.  
Then rising and refreshed, I leave Thy Throne,  
And follow on to know as I am known!

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

AUGUST SEVENTH

**M**erciful Lord, the Comforter and Teacher of Thy faithful people, increase in Thy Church the desires which Thou hast given, and confirm the hearts of those who hope in Thee by enabling them to understand the depth of Thy promises; and all Thine adopted sons may even now behold with the eyes of faith, and patiently wait for, the light which as yet Thou dost not openly manifest; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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AUGUST EIGHTH

**O** God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!  
O man, with eyes majestic after death,  
Whose feet have toiled along the pathways  
rough,  
Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,  
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,  
By that high Heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine  
To draw us sinners in,

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,  
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,  
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,  
I pray Thee visit me.

—Jean Ingelow.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST NINTH

**I** need Thee to teach me day by day, according to each day's opportunities and needs. Give me, O my Lord, that purity of conscience which alone can receive, which alone can improve, Thy inspirations. My ears are dull, so that I cannot hear Thy voice. My eyes are dim, so that I cannot see Thy tokens. Thou alone canst quicken my hearing, and purge my sight, and cleanse and renew my heart. Teach me to sit at Thy feet, and to hear Thy word. Amen.

—John Henry Newman.

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### AUGUST TENTH

**I**n all I think, or speak, or do,  
Whatever way my steps are bent,  
God shape and keep me strong and true;  
Courageous, cheerful and content.

God help me! help me to suppress  
All longing for what cannot be,  
And grant me means wherewith to bless  
Whoever may have need of me.

—W. D. Russell.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST ELEVENTH

**O** Blessed God, who neither slumberest nor sleepest, take us into Thy gracious keeping for this night, and make us mindful of that night when the noise of this busy world shall be heard by us no more. O Lord, in whom we trust, help us by Thy grace so to live that we may never be afraid to die, and grant that at the last, as now, our even-song may be: "I will lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, makest me to dwell in safety."

—James Martineau.

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### AUGUST TWELFTH

**D**ear Lord, how could we e'er endure  
The trials of this life,  
If Thou wert not consoling us,  
In all our cares and strife?  
Thou teachest us the power of pain,  
Our souls to purify,  
And when the world seems dark and drear,  
Thou all canst rectify.

If we will only trust Thy love  
Thou'lt give a healing balm  
To make our thoughts, so much disturbed,  
Again regain their calm.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Thou never wilt forsake us, Lord,  
If we but trust in Thee,  
Thy mercy, pity, pardon, too,  
For us shall ever be.

Then let us in all trials and cares,  
Dear Lord, come straight to Thee,  
And Thy sweet consolation seek,  
To make our spirits free  
From petty cares which oft annoy  
And fill our souls with gloom,  
For thou canst fill our hearts with joy,  
If we will give love room.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

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### AUGUST THIRTEENTH

**O** Lord, who art our Guide even unto death, grant us, I pray Thee, grace to follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest. In little daily duties to which Thou callest us, bow down our wills to simple obedience, patience under pain or provocation, strict truthfulness of word and manner, humility, kindness; in great acts of duty or perfection, if Thou shouldst call us to them, uplift us to self-sacrifice, heroic courage, laying down of life for Thy truth's sake, or for a brother. Amen.

—C. G. Rossetti.



*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

**N**ot the deed, dear Lord, I offer;  
Not what has been wrought, I plead,—  
These, alas! how poor and meager,  
Blighted fruit from perfect seed!

Lord, I wished so that the vintage  
Should be worthy of Thy name!  
But the wine has missed its sparkle,  
And I bring it Thee with shame.

Yet Thou knowest, and Thou only,  
With what pain the grapes were prest—  
How the color they have borrowed  
Oft has sprung from out my breast.

How the sweetest grapes have taken  
Oft the flavor of the rue;  
How the sunny slope has yielded  
Poor return, Thou knowest, too;

Yet, dear Lord, beneath the doing,  
Deeper far than all I wrought,  
Changeless, flawless, and unswerving,  
Thou hast seen the earnest thought.

Though the finished work be lacking,  
Lord, the purpose was divine;  
Though my errant feet have wandered,  
Yet my heart was always Thine.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

So I bring Thee, faltering, trembling,  
My poor best, and bid Thee see  
Not the thing I am, my Saviour,  
But what I meant to be!

—Eva Williams Malone.

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### AUGUST FIFTEENTH

**O** Almighty God, merciful Father, who hast continued my life, grant that I may spend the time which Thou shalt yet give me in such obedience to Thy word that, finally, I may obtain everlasting life. Grant that I may repent and forsake my sins before the miseries of age fall upon me; and that while my strength yet remains, I may use it to Thy glory and my own salvation by the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

—Samuel Johnson.

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### AUGUST SIXTEENTH

**L**eave me, O love, which reachest but to dust  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;  
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.  
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might  
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,  
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.  
Oh, take fast hold; let that light be thy guide  
In this small course which birth draws out to death,  
And think how ill becometh him to slide  
Who seeketh Heaven and comes of Heavenly  
breath.

Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see:  
Eternal Love, maintain Thy life in me.

—Sir Philip Sidney.

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### AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

**A**lmighty Father, we are a' Thy puir an sinfu'  
bairns, wha wearied o' hame and gaed awa'  
intae the far country. Forgive us, for we  
didna ken what we were leavin' or the sair hert we  
gied oor Father. It was weary wark tae live wi'  
oor sins, but we wud never hev come back had it  
no been for oor Elder Brither. He cam' a long  
road tae find us, and a sore travail He had afore He  
set us free. He's been a gude Brither tae us, and  
we've been a heavy chairge tae Him. May He  
keep a firm hand o' us, and guide us in the richt  
road, and bring us back gin we wander, and tell us  
a' we need tae know till the gloamin' come. Gither  
us in then, we pray Thee, and a' we luve, no a bairn  
missin', and may we sit doon for ever in oor ain  
Father's House. Amen.

—Ian Maclaren.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST EIGHTEENTH ·

**O** brooding spirit of Wisdom and of Love,  
Whose mighty wings even now o'er-  
shadow me,

Absorb me in Thine own immensity,  
And raise me far my finite self above!  
Purge vanity away, and the weak care  
That name or fame of me may widely spread;  
And the deep wish burning in their stead,  
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,  
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,  
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay  
Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way  
In which my soul her clear commission sees:  
Yet with an equal joy let me behold  
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled.

—William Rowan Hamilton.

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### AUGUST NINETEENTH

**O** Merciful Lord, our Heavenly Father, grant  
us, we beseech Thee, Thy loving care and  
protection throughout this day. Preserve  
us from danger, save us from sin, guide us in our  
work. Give us patience under all troubles, and  
cheerfulness and courage to meet all duties. Con-  
tinue us, we pray Thee, in Thy holy keeping until

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Thou art pleased to call us away to rest with Thee,  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Daniel S. Tuttle.

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### AUGUST TWENTIETH

**H**ear! be still!  
In the darkness of thy woe,  
Bow thee, silently, and low;  
Come to thee whate'er God wills;  
Be thou still!

Be thou still!  
Vainly all thy words are spoken,  
Till the word of God hath broken  
Life's dark mysteries—good or ill,  
Be thou still!

Be thou still!  
'Tis thy Father's work of grace,  
Wait thou yet before His face,  
He thy sure deliverance wills—  
Keep thou still!

Lord, my God!  
By Thy grace, Oh! may I be  
All submissive, silently  
To the chastenings of Thy rod;—  
Lord, my God!

—From the German.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

**H**ear our prayer, O Lord, and consider our desires. Give unto us true humility, a meek and quiet spirit, a loving and a friendly, a holy and a useful manner of life; bearing the burdens of our neighbors, denying ourselves, and studying to benefit others, and to please Thee in all things. Grant us to be righteous in performing promises, loving to our relatives, careful of our charges; to be gentle and easy to be entreated, slow to anger, and readily prepared for every good work. Amen.

—Jeremy Taylor.

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### AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

**P**ilot, my Pilot, I pray no balmy breeze,  
If skies be blue or gray,—Thy will, not mine.  
Let but Thy Love across the world's wide  
seas  
My beacon shine.

Then give me heart to face and bear each blast  
Serenely, 'spite of wave and tempest's roar,  
If but the morning tide my soul, at last,  
Bring to Thy nightless shore.

—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

**O**ur Father in Heaven, we ask Thee for simple, childlike trust, that we may not be worried nor afraid in this world which is so full of evil. It is Thy world and Thy strong hand moves in all the experiences. Give us that confidence in Thee which shall enable us to do our part faithfully and well and then to leave all the results of our work in Thy hand. We thank Thee that the world is growing better. We thank Thee for the diffusion of Thy truth among the nations, for the great missionary movements which are carrying the gospel into all lands. We thank Thee for the increase of benevolence, for the spirit of brotherhood, for the philanthropy and human kindness shown in so many ways among men. May the spirit of Christ continue to get more and more possession of the hearts and lives of the people. May Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—J. R. Miller.

### AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

**G**od, whom my roads all reach, howe'er they run,  
My Father, Friend, Beloved, dear All-One,  
Thee in my soul, my soul in Thee, I feel,  
Self of myself.

—Sidney Lanier.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

**A**lmighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and are wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

—Book of Common Prayer.

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### AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

**I**nto the hands of Thy blessed protection and unspeakable mercy, O Lord, I commend this day my soul and my body, with all the faculties, powers, and actions of them both; beseeching Thee to be ever with me, to direct, sanctify, and govern me in the ways of Thy laws, and in the works of Thy commandments; that, through Thy most mighty protection, both here and ever, I may be preserved in body and soul, to serve Thee the only true God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

**AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH**

**S**oftly now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me, the light of day  
Shall forever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Thou Who sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

—George W. Doane.

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**AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH**

**G**od be merciful unto us, and bless us,  
And cause His face to shine upon us;  
(Selah)

That Thy way may be known upon earth,  
Thy salvation among all nations.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Let the peoples praise Thee, O God;  
Let all the peoples praise Thee.  
Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy;  
For Thou wilt judge the peoples with equity,  
And govern the nations upon earth.  
Let the peoples praise Thee, O God;  
Let all the peoples praise Thee.  
The earth hath yielded its increase:  
God, even our own God, will bless us.  
God will bless us;  
And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.  
—David.

---

### AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

**S**peak to me, my God;  
And let me know the living Father cares  
For me, even me; for this one of His children.  
Hast Thou no word for me? I am Thy thought,  
God, let Thy mighty heart beat into mine,  
And let mine answer as a pulse to Thine.  
See, I am low; yes, very low; but Thou  
Art high, and Thou canst lift me up to Thee.  
—George Macdonald.

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

AUGUST THIRTIETH

**M**y God, I thank Thee, who hast made  
The Earth so bright;  
So full of splendor and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou has made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of Earth  
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
That thorns remain;  
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings,  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things!

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more:  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest,—  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast!

—Adelaide A. Procter.

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### AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

**O** Lord, who hast ordained labour to be the lot of man, and seest the necessities of all Thy creatures, bless my studies and endeavours; feed me with food convenient for me; and if it shall be Thy good pleasure to intrust me with plenty, give me a compassionate heart, that I may be ready to relieve the wants of others; let neither poverty nor riches estrange my heart from Thee, but assist me with Thy grace so to live as that I may die in Thy favour, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

—Samuel Johnson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### SEPTEMBER FIRST

**T**hrough love to light! Oh, wonderful the way  
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!  
From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.  
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to  
Thee,  
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of  
light!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

---

### SEPTEMBER SECOND

**O** Jesus Christ, the Lord of children, be near to  
all children's hearts to-day. In their pleas-  
ant play make them to remember Thy holy  
childhood, and put away all self-loving thoughts and  
ways, all untruthfulness and disobedience, all angry  
words and deeds. Comfort them in all their troubles,  
which are known to Thee, and lead them on through  
pure and faithful lives to Thyself, Thy children's  
home. Amen.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### SEPTEMBER THIRD

**W**ith feeble, faltering hands I cling to Thee,  
Saviour Divine! But do Thou still  
uphold

Me with Thy strong right arm, lest I should be  
A wanderer from thy fold.

The way is dark and drear; bewildered—blind—  
Upon my head the storms of sorrow beat;  
Take Thou my hand in Thine, and help me find  
The rock beneath my feet.

I need Thee too when skies are bright and fair,  
For with the rose are thorns I cannot see;  
Save from the tempter's power and lurking snare;  
Help while I hold to Thee.

Now on life's utmost verge I waiting stand;  
Death's awful chalice to my lips is pressed;  
Thou Angel of the Covenant, let Thy hand  
Guide me to perfect rest.

---

### SEPTEMBER FOURTH

**L**ord, evermore give us Thy Spirit, that we  
thirst not, nor seek to draw the draught of  
life, which is only in Thee, from the wells  
of earth. Amen.

—Frederick D. Maurice.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### SEPTEMBER FIFTH

**G**rant us, O Lord, the grace to bear  
The little pricking thorn;  
The hasty word that seems unfair;  
The twang of truths well worn;  
The jest which makes our weakness plain;  
The darling plan o'erturned;  
The careless touch upon our pain;  
The slight we have not earned;  
The rasp of care, dear Lord, to-day.  
Lest all these fretting things  
Make needless grief, oh give, we pray,  
The heart that trusts and sings.

—Elizabeth L. Gould.

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### SEPTEMBER SIXTH

**O** God, who hast commanded that no man should be idle, give us grace to employ all our talents and faculties in the service appointed for us; that, whatsoever our hand findeth to do, we may do it with our might. Cheerfully may we go in the road which Thou hast marked out, not desiring too earnestly that it should be either more smooth or more wide; but, daily seeking one way in Thy light, may we trust ourselves and the issue of our journey to Thee, the Fountain

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

of joy, and sing songs of praise as we go along. Then, O Lord, receive us at the gate of life which Thou hast opened for us in Christ Jesus. Amen.

—James Martineau.

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### SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

**O** Lord our God, teach us, we beseech Thee, to ask Thee aright for the right blessings. Steer Thou the vessel of our life toward Thyself, Thou tranquil Haven of all storm-tossed souls. Show us the course wherein we should go. Renew a willing spirit within us. Let Thy Spirit curb our wayward senses, and guide and enable us unto that which is our true good,—to keep Thy laws, and in all our works evermore to rejoice in Thy glorious and gladdening Presence. For Thine is the glory and praise from all Thy saints for ever and ever. Amen.

—St. Basil.

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### SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

**T**he toil is very long and I am tired:  
Oh, Father, I am weary of the way!  
Give me that rest I have so long desired;  
Bring me that Sabbath's cool refreshing day,



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

And let the fever of my world-worn feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tired, very tired!—but I will patient be,  
Nor will I murmur at the weary way:  
I too shall walk beside the crystal sea,  
And pluck the ripe fruit, all that God-lit day,  
When Thou, O Lord, shalt let my world-worn  
feet  
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

—William O. Stoddard.

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### SEPTEMBER NINTH

**T**hou, O God, the King Eternal, who dividest  
the day from the darkness and turnest the  
shadow of death into morning, drive from  
us all wrong desires, incline our hearts to keep Thy  
law, and guide our feet in the ways of peace,—that  
having done Thy will with cheerfulness while it  
was day, we may when night cometh rejoice to  
give Thee thanks, through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen.

—John H. Vincent.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### SEPTEMBER TENTH

**N**ot weary of Thy world,  
So beautiful, O Father, in Thy love,—  
Thy world, that, glory-lighted from above,  
Lies in Thy hand impearled:

Not asking rest from toil;—  
Sweet toil, that draws us nearer to Thy side;  
Ever to tend Thy planting satisfied,  
Though in ungenial soil:

Nor to be freed from care,  
That lifts us out of self's lone hollowness;  
Since unto Thy dear feet we all may press,  
And leave our burdens there:

But, oh for tireless strength!  
A life untainted by the curse of sin,  
That spreads no vile contagion from within:—  
Found without spot, at length!

For power, and stronger will  
To pour out love from the heart's inmost springs;  
A constant freshness for all needy things;  
In blessing, blessed still!

\* \* \* \* \*

More life! the life of Heaven!  
A perfect liberty to do Thy will:  
Receiving all from Thee, and giving still,  
Freely as Thou hast given!

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

More life! a prophecy  
Is in that thirsty cry, if read aright.  
Deep calleth unto deep: life infinite,  
O soul, awaiteth Thee!

—Lucy Larcom.

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### SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

**O** Truth who art Eternity! And Love who art Truth! And Eternity who art Love! Thou art my God, to Thee do I sigh night and day. When I first knew Thee, Thou liftedst me up, that I might see there was somewhat for me to see, and that I was not yet such as to see. And Thou streaming forth Thy beams of light upon me most strongly, didst beat back the weakness of my sight, and I trembled with love and awe: and I perceived myself to be far off from Thee in the region of unlikeness.

—St. Augustine.

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### SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

**J**ust as I am, O Lord, I come  
To seek Thy Face, to find a home;  
A lonely wanderer I have been;  
Pardon me, save me, take me in!

—Charles G. Matteson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

**O**ur Father, we bend before Thee in lowly reverence and in fervent gratitude. Thou hast given us a new day with its new revelation of Thy faithfulness, its new duties and responsibilities, its unknown joys and sorrows. We look to Thee in faith. Grant us strength to do what lies nearest, and wisdom to guide us in the doing of it. Swiftly the days are passing from us. May we fill them with pure thoughts, kind words, and good deeds, that, as they return at eventide into the eternities, they may not be to our condemnation, but for Thine approval. In gladness may we not forget Thee, in difficulty and in doubt may we see Jesus as our example and our hope. When the way is rough and our feet grow weary and our hearts faint, still may we cling to Thy promise and believe that rest will come when Thou seest we are ready to enter the Heavenly Home. Amen.

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### SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

**N**earer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross,  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear  
Steps unto Heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

—Sarah Flower Adams.

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### SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

**J**esus, my Saviour, look on me,  
For I am weary and opprest;  
I come to cast myself on Thee:  
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!  
Thou art my Light.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.

—Charlotte Elliott.

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### SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

**O** God, we thank Thee for the precious promises Thou hast given us in Thy word. They suit every possible need of our lives. We never can have an experience for which we may not find some word of Thine, assuring us of help. Then Thy promises are sure and eternal. Not one of them ever has failed and not one ever can fail. Help us to believe them implicitly and to trust them absolutely. Forgive us our doubts and fears when we have not had full confidence in Thy word, and help us from this day forward to believe everything Thou dost promise us. Then shall we sing even in the darkness. We ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—J. R. Miller.

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### SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

**O** Gracious Father, keep me through Thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health and amidst the bustle of the world; keep the thought of Thyself present to me

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

as my Father in Jesus Christ; and keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle and active and firm. O strengthen me to bear pain, or sickness, or danger, or whatever Thou shalt be pleased to lay upon me, as Christ's soldier and servant; and let my faith overcome the world daily. . . . I pray for this, and for all that Thou seest me to need, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

—Thomas Arnold.

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### SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

**O**h! turn Thine eye on me, and let the dart  
Of Thy restoring love, with power unspent,  
Strike inward, till my quickened life  
shall show  
The fruit of grace divine, whose sweet descent  
Shall wake my field. O winds of God, now  
blow,  
Till with your breath my grateful praise is blent,  
While spices from His garden overflow.

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### SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

**O** Most Merciful God and Father, we commend ourselves and all that we have to Thine Almighty hands, and pray Thee to preserve us by Thy good Spirit from all sin, misfortune, and



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

grief of heart. Give us the Spirit of grace and prayer, that we may have a consoling trust in Thy love, and that our sighs and petitions may be acceptable in Thy sight. Give us the Spirit of faith to kindle a bright flame of true and blessed faith in our hearts, that we may have a living knowledge of salvation, and our whole life may be a thank-offering for the mercies we have received. Give us the Spirit of Love, that we may experience the sweetness of Thy love toward us, and also love Thee in return; and render our obedience not from constraint like slaves, but with the willing and joyful hearts of children. Amen.

—Gottfried Arnold.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

**O**h Thou! whose balance does the mountains  
weigh,

Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,  
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to  
flame,

That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;  
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,  
And on the boundless of Thy goodness calls.

Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,  
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:  
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,  
And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee:

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow  
At Thy command; nor human motive know!  
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,  
And sin the graceful indignation raise:  
My love be warm to succor the distress'd,  
And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

Oh may my understanding ever read  
This glorious volume which Thy wisdom made!  
Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride?  
Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?  
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?  
And bids old Winter lay her honours down?  
May sea, and land, and Earth, and Heaven, be  
joined,  
To bring the Eternal Author to my mind!

—Edward Young.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

**B**lessed Master, we would meditate more upon Thee. In the silent companionship of our hearts, we would remain still and know that Thou art God. Following the lesson of Thy life of quiet service we would seek the mountain-side of prayer, and there gain strength to walk out into the night, even upon life's wave-tossed sea. We would accompany Thee to the Mount of the Transfiguration, that we too may hear our selfishness silenced

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

by our Father's voice, acknowledging Thy Sonship, and bidding us hear Thee. Fill us with that love which is selfless, that we may go down from the Mount to help and uplift the sin-suffering about us.

Thou who art our Teacher, fill us, we pray Thee, with Thy power, that we, O Holy Spirit, incarnating more and more our Master, may be filled with all the fullness of God; to whom be glory forever and ever, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

—John Timothy Stone.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

**A**nd oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But Thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

—Wordsworth.

---

### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

**T**hou sayest: Abide in me! O my Master,  
my Life, my All, I do abide in Thee. Give  
Thou me to grow into all Thy fulness. It  
is not the effort of faith seeking to cling to Thee,  
nor even the rest of faith, trusting Thee to keep  
me; it is not the obedience of the will, nor the keep-

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

ing the commandments; but it is Thyself living in me as in the Father, that alone can satisfy me. It is Thyself, my Lord, no longer before me and above me, but one with me, and abiding in me; it is this I need, it is this I seek. It is this I trust Thee for.

Thou sayest: Ask whatsoever ye will! Lord! I know that the life of full, deep abiding will so renew and sanctify and strengthen the will that I shall have the light and the liberty to ask great things. Lord! let my will, dead in Thy death, living in Thy life, be bold and large in its petitions.

Thou sayest: It shall be done. O Thou who art the Amen, the Faithful and True Witness, give me in Thyself the joyous confidence that Thou wilt make this word yet more wonderfully true to me than ever, because it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love Him. Amen.

—Andrew Murray.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

**I** dare not pray to Thee to give  
The heaven which shall appear;  
My cry is: Help me Thou to live  
Within the heaven that's here!

—Alice Cary.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

**O** God, animate us to cheerfulness. May we have a joyful sense of our blessings, learn to look on the bright circumstances of our lot, and maintain a perpetual contentedness under Thy allotments. Fortify our minds against disappointment and calamity. Preserve us from despondency, from yielding to dejection. Teach us that no evil is intolerable but a guilty conscience; and that nothing can hurt us, if, with true loyalty of affection, we keep Thy commandments, and take refuge in Thee. Amen.

—William Ellery Channing.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

**A**s beautiful as opal dawn, and strong,  
As calm as death, inscrutable as song.  
Great Ruler, Thou to whom the waves  
belong,  
Rule well the silent sea.

Symbol of parting and immensity, a grave  
With great forgotten ships beneath its wave,  
From its black heart of death, Great Ruler, save  
The lives of those at sea.

Caressing, cruel, limitless. Deep fear  
Would fill our hearts. Great Ruler, be Thou near,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

To guard from terror, save from death. Oh, hear  
Our prayer for those at sea.

—Margaret Horner Clyde.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

**O**h, Jesus, by Thy infinite compassion, by Thy love passing all human telling, Thou hast conquered me. I am come to Thee. Take my life, poor, weak, insufficient by every standard of human measurement, but let Thy life flow into it, through it, that my life may make some little contribution to the realization of Thy great purpose.

Lord Jesus, from to-day let me more than ever be a gatherer of Thine. Prevent me from scattering. Do this, Lord, by taking more complete possession of me than ever before. To this I yield to Thee all I am, and have, and hope for, in order that through me some part of Thy kingdom may come and Thy will be done. Amen.

—G. Campbell Morgan.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

**S**pirit of God, descend upon my heart;  
Wean it from earth; through all its pulses  
move;

Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,  
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies;  
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;  
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;  
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?  
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and  
mind;

I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:  
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;  
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,  
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;  
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,  
One holy passion filling all my frame,  
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,  
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

—George Croley.

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### SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

**A**lmighty God, vouchsafe to sanctify unto me  
the reflections and resolutions of this day, let  
not my sorrow be unprofitable; let not my  
resolutions be vain. Grant that my grief may pro-  
duce true repentance, so that I may live to please

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Thee, and when the time shall come that I must die like her whom Thou hast taken from me, grant me eternal happiness in Thy presence, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Samuel Johnson.

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### SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

**T**hey speak another language in the skies,  
And so our words have other meanings  
there,

When pitying angels hear them as they rise  
In broken sobs of prayer.

For half that we name ill, in that far land  
Is known for good, and half our good is ill.  
Oh, well for us that One can understand  
Our stammering failures still!

And much that we call loss as gain they prize,  
And pain they know for schooling; and our  
health  
Is named as weakness sometimes in their eyes,  
And poverty our wealth.

They have another name for grief and care,  
Another name for patience and for strife;  
Defeat is triumph sometimes, over there,  
And death they know for life.



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

O mighty Master, guide and fashion still  
The lips that yet in Heaven's lore are young;  
Be patient with us in our learning, till  
We also speak that tongue.

—Mabel Earle.

### OCTOBER FIRST

**D**ear Lord! Kind Lord!  
Gracious Lord! I pray  
Thou wilt look on all I love  
Tenderly to-day!  
Weed their hearts of weariness:  
Scatter every care  
Down a wake of angel-wings  
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing  
All release from pain;  
Let the lips of laughter  
Overflow again;  
And with all the needy  
O divide, I pray,  
This vast treasure of content  
That is mine to-day.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### OCTOBER SECOND

**F**ather! before Thy footstool kneeling,  
Once more my heart goes up to Thee;  
For aid, for strength, to Thee appealing,  
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow;  
Help me to bear Thy chastening rod;  
Give me endurance; let me borrow  
Strength from Thy promise, O my God!

Not mine the grief which words may lighten;  
Not mine the tears of common woe;  
The pang with which my heart-strings tighten,  
Only the All-seeing One may know.

Saviour! our human form once wearing,  
Help by the memory of that day,  
When, painfully Thy dark cross bearing,  
E'en for a time Thy strength gave way.

Beneath a lighter burden sinking,  
Jesus, I cast myself on Thee;  
Forgive, forgive this useless shrinking  
From trials that I know must be.

Oh! let me feel that Thou art near me,  
Close to Thy side I shall not fear.  
Hear me, O Strength of Israel! hear me;  
Sustain and aid! in mercy, hear!

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### OCTOBER THIRD

**F**ather of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

\* \* \* \* \*

If I am right, Thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

—Alexander Pope.

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### OCTOBER FOURTH

**N**ow bless me, even me, O Lord. I am Thine;  
Thy Father gave me to Thee before the  
world was made; Thou didst purchase me  
for Thyself by Thy most precious blood; Thou hast  
begun a good work within me by Thy Holy Spirit;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

and now afresh take me to Thine heart and seal me with Thy Spirit. May He enlighten, comfort, and sanctify me, teaching me to pray, and opening the eyes of my heart that I may know Thee and the power of Thy resurrection, that as Thou hast ascended into the heavens, so I may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with Thee continually dwell, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

—Frederick B. Meyer.

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### OCTOBER FIFTH

**A**s down in the sunless retreats of the ocean  
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can  
see,  
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion  
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,  
My God, silent to Thee,—  
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,  
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,—  
So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,  
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,  
My God, trembling to Thee,  
Pure, warm, trembling to Thee.

—Thomas Moore.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### OCTOBER SIXTH

**O** Father, calm the turbulence of our passions; quiet the throbbings of our hopes; repress the waywardness of our wills; direct the motions of our affections; and sanctify the varieties of our lot. Be Thou all in all to us; and may all things earthly, while we bend them to our growth in grace, dwell lightly in our hearts, so that we may readily, or even joyfully, give up whatever Thou dost ask for. May we seek first Thy kingdom and righteousness; resting assured that then all things needful shall be added unto us. Father, pardon our past ingratitude and disobedience; and purify us, whether by Thy gentler or Thy sterner dealings, till we have done Thy will on earth, and Thou removest us to Thine own presence with the redeemed in Heaven. Amen.

—Mary Carpenter.

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### OCTOBER SEVENTH

**O** Lord God, give peace unto us: the peace of rest, the peace of the Sabbath, which hath no evening; yea, give us rest in Thee, the Sabbath of eternal life. For Thou shalt rest in us, as now Thou workest in us; and Thy rest shall be through us, as Thy works are through us. Amen.

—St. Augustine.

FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

OCTOBER EIGHTH

**A**nd art thou mine, thou helpless, trembling  
thing,  
Thou lovely presence? Bird, where is thy  
wing?

How pure thou art! fresh from the fields of light,  
Where angels garner grain in robes of white.

Didst thou bring "sealed instructions" with thee,  
dove,

How to unlock the fount of mother-love?  
Full well dost thou fulfill thy winsome part;  
With holy fire they're writ upon my heart.

My child, I fear thee! thou'rt a spirit, soul!  
How shall I walk before thee? keep my garments  
whole?

O Lord, give me strength, give me wisdom for the  
task,

To train this child for Thee! Yet more I ask:

Life of my life, for thee I crave best gifts and glad,  
More than, even in dreams, thy mother had.

O Father! fine this gold! Oh, polish this, my gem!  
Till it is fair and fitting for Thy diadem.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### OCTOBER NINTH

**W**here but in Thee have we a covert from storm, or shadow from the heat of life? In our manifold temptations, Thou alone knowest and art ever nigh; in sorrow Thy pity revives the fainting soul; in our prosperity and ease it is Thy Spirit only that can wean us from our pride and keep us low.

—James Martineau.

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### OCTOBER TENTH

**O** Father-Heart, who hast created all,  
In wisest love, we pray,  
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call

Is entering on life's way:  
Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,  
And make Thou something out of nought,  
O Father-Heart!

O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold,  
We bring our child to Thee;  
Thou tender Shepherd, take it to Thy fold,  
Thine own for aye to be;  
Defend it through this earthly strife  
And lead it on the path of life,  
O Son of God!

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,  
Descend upon this child;  
Give it undying life, its spirit lave  
With waters undefiled;  
Grant it while yet a babe to be  
A child of God, a home for Thee,  
O Holy Ghost!

O Triune God, what Thou command'st done;  
We speak, but Thine the might:  
This babe hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,  
Yet on it pour Thy light  
Of faith and hope in joy and love,  
Thou Son of all below, above,  
O Triune God!

—Albert Knapp.

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### OCTOBER ELEVENTH

**O** Thou, who art the true sun of the world,  
evermore rising, and never going down; who,  
by Thy most wholesome appearing and sight  
dost nourish, and make joyful all things, we beseech  
Thee mercifully and favorably to shine into our  
hearts, that the night of darkness and sin, and the  
mists of error on every side, being driven away, we  
may all our life go without any stumbling or of-  
fence, and may walk as in the day-time, being pure



*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

and clean from the works of darkness, and abounding in all good works which Thou hast prepared for us to walk in. Amen.

—Erasmus.

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OCTOBER TWELFTH

**C**ourage and patience, these I ask  
Dear Lord, in this my latest strait;  
For hard I find my ten years' task,  
Learning to suffer and to wait.

Life seems so rich and grand a thing,  
So full of work for heart and brain,  
It is a cross that I can bring  
No help, no offering, but pain.

The hard-earned harvest of these years  
I long to generously share;  
The lessons learned with bitter tears  
To teach again with tender care;

To smooth the rough and thorny way  
Where other feet begin to tread;  
To feed some hungry soul each day  
With sympathy's sustaining bread.

So beautiful such pleasures show,  
I long to make them mine;

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

To love and labor and to know  
The joy such living makes divine.

But if I may not, I will only ask  
Courage and patience for my fate,  
And learn, dear Lord, Thy latest task,—  
To suffer patiently and wait.

—Louisa M. Alcott.

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### OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

**O**ur God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal Home.

—Isaac Watts.

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### OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

**M**y Father, help me as a follower of Christ to say, "Thy will be done." Thou wouldst not have me accept Thy will because I must, but because I may. Thou wouldst have me take it, not with resignation, but with joy; not with absence of murmur, but with the song of praise. How shall I reach this goal? I shall only reach it by feeling what the Psalmist felt—that Thy will comes from "a good Spirit," and goes towards a "land of uprightness." Teach me that Thy will is love; teach me that Thy love is wise. Guide me not blindfold, but with open eyes. Grant me the power to look both behind and before—behind to "Thy good Spirit," before to "the land of uprightness." Give me the blessedness of the man whose delight is in Thy law, who can tell of Thy statutes

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

rejoicing the heart. I shall obey Thy will in perfect freedom when I can say, "Thy Spirit is good." Amen.

—George Matheson.

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### OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

**T**he way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely Home  
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;  
Quickly and straight  
Lead to Heaven's gate  
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt  
And fear and danger compass me about;  
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand  
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,  
And through the throng  
Lead safe along  
Thy child!

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne  
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn  
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land  
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand  
And reaching down  
Lead to the crown  
Thy child!

—Henry N. Cobb.

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### OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

**O** God, who hast in mercy taught us how good it is to follow the holy desires which Thou manifoldly putttest into our hearts, and how bitter is the grief of falling short of whatever beauty our minds behold, strengthen us, we beseech Thee, to walk steadfastly throughout life in the better path which our hearts once chose; and give us wisdom to tread it prudently in Thy fear, as well as cheerfully in Thy love; so that, having been faithful to Thee all the days of our life here, we may be able hopefully to resign ourselves into Thy hands hereafter. Amen.

—Rowland Williams.

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

**O** blessed feet of Jesus, weary with seeking  
me,  
Stand at God's bar of judgment, and inter-  
cede for me.

**O** knees which bent in anguish in dark Gethsemane,  
Kneel at the Throne of Glory, and intercede for me.

**O** hands that were extended upon the awful tree,  
Hold up those precious nail-prints, and intercede  
for me.

**O** side from whence the spear-point brought blood  
and water free  
For healing and for cleansing, still intercede for me.

**O** head so deeply pierced with thorns which sharp-  
est be,  
Bend low before Thy Father and intercede for me.

**O** body scarred and wounded my sacrifice to be,  
Present Thy perfect offering and intercede for me.

**O** loving, risen Saviour, from death and sorrow free,  
Thou throned in endless glory, still intercede for  
me.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

**T**he day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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### OCTOBER NINETEENTH

**O** Thou infinite goodness and love, be Thou pleased to pardon all the defects of my love to Thee, and all the excesses of my love to earthly things; and turn my inclinations and affections from all vain objects to Thy blessed self, who art the worthiest of all love; and conquer all my prejudice, and forever win my heart. O show Thyself to me as a pardoning God; full of compassion, ready to forgive, and willing to save. Yea, make me to know so much of the love wherewith Thou hast loved me, that I may make better returns of love to the gracious Giver of all my good. Touch my heart with such a powerful sense of Thy loveliness and loving kindness, that I may experience stronger desires and inclinations after Thee, and

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

greater complacence and delight in Thee. Enable me, by Thy good help and grace, to keep myself in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ to eternal life. Amen.

—Jeremy Taylor.

### OCTOBER TWENTIETH

**L**ord Jesus, Thou hast known  
A Mother's love and tender care:  
And Thou wilt hear, while for my own  
Mother most dear, I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,  
Who gave the gift of life to me;  
And may she know, from day to day,  
The deepening glow of Life that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast  
Fearless and well content I lay,  
So let her heart, on Thee at rest,  
Feel fears depart and troubles fade away.

Ah, hold her by the hand,  
As once her hand held mine;  
And though she may not understand  
Life's winding way, lead her in Peace divine.

I cannot pay my debt  
For all the love that she has given;



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

But Thou, Love's Lord, wilt not forget  
Her due reward,—bless her in Earth and Heaven.

—Henry van Dyke.

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### OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

**L**ord, I would live Thy life! The life of thinking and doing and getting and having can not satisfy me. My heart aches in loneliness and hunger. Nothing of wealth or power cheers me. I come to Thee as the only Reason, the only Power, the only Guide. Take me as I am and make me what Thou wouldst have me to be. Forgive me for my ignorance and folly, and lead me into wisdom and character. And let me know that nothing is worth while without Thee. Amen.

—James H. Snowden.

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### OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

**T**hou that hast given so much to me,  
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.  
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,  
As if Thy blessings had spare days;  
But such a heart, whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.

—Herbert.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

**W**e thank Thee for the dear and faithful dead, for those who have made the distant Heavens a Home for us, and whose truth and beauty are even now in our hearts. One by one Thou dost gather the scattered families out of the earthly light into the Heavenly glory, from the distractions and strife and weariness of time to the peace of eternity. We thank Thee for the labors and the joys of these mortal years. We thank Thee for our deep sense of the mysteries that lie beyond our dust, and for the eye of faith which Thou hast opened for all who believe in Thy Son to outlook that mark. May we live altogether in Thy Faith and Love, and in that Hope which is full of Immortality. Amen.

—Rufus Ellis.

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### OCTOBER TWENTY FOURTH

**I** will not wrong Thee, O To-day,  
With idle longing for To-morrow;  
But patient plow my field and sow  
The seed of faith in every furrow.

Enough for me the loving light  
That melts the cloud's repellent edges,—

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

The still unfolding, bud by bud,  
Of God's most sweet and holy pledges.  
—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

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### OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

**A**lmighty God, we bless and praise Thee that we have wakened to the light of another earthly day; and now we will think of what a day should be. Our days are Thine, let them be spent for Thee. Our days are few, let them be spent with care. There are dark days behind us, forgive their sinfulness; there may be dark days before us, strengthen us for their trials. We pray Thee to shine in this day—the day which we may call our own. Lord, we go to our daily work; help us to take pleasure therein. Show us clearly what our duty is; help us to be faithful in doing it. Let all we do be well done, fit for Thine eye to see. Give us strength to do, patience to bear; let our courage never fail. When we cannot love our work, let us think of it as Thy task; and, by our love to Thee, make unlovely things shine in the light of Thy great love. Amen.

—George Dawson.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

**B**reathe on me, breath of God,  
Fill me with life anew,  
That I may love what Thou dost love,  
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
Until my heart is pure;  
Until with Thee I will one will,  
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
So I shall never die,  
But live with Thee the perfect life  
Of Thine eternity.

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### OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

**I**ask, O Lord, that from my life may flow  
Such gladsome music, soothing, sweet and clear,  
From a fine-strung harp, to reach the weary ear  
Of struggling men,  
To bid them pause a while and listen; then  
With spirit calmer, stronger than before,  
Take up their work once more.  
I only pray that, through the common days  
Of this, my life, unceasingly may steal  
Into some aching heart strains that shall help to  
heal

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Its long-borne pain;  
To lift the thoughts from self and worldly gain,  
And fill the life with harmonies divine.  
Oh, may such power be mine!  
Thus would I live; and when all working days  
Are o'er for me,  
May the rich music of my life ring on  
Eternally!

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### OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

**O** God, Father of our spirits, Thou art great, but Thy greatness doth not separate Thee from us: rather it brings Thee near and enfolds us in Thy care. Open Thou our eyes that we may ever see Thee and be conscious of Thy presence and providence. Grant unto us the spirit of faith and faithfulness so that we shall trust Thee at all times and do Thy will in all things. May we know that this life is the school in which Thou art training us for higher service, and so may we not be surprised that the books often contain hard lessons and are sometimes stained with our tears. We would sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him that we may be meek and lowly in heart. Fill us with His Spirit and enable us to grow towards His stature. And this we ask in His Name. Amen.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

**T**each me to live! 'Tis easier far to die,  
Gently and silently to pass away;  
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,  
And waken in the glorious realm of day.

Teach me that harder lesson, how to live,  
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;  
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,  
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,  
But use the time remaining to me yet;  
Not mine own pleasure seeking, as before,  
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,  
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,  
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—  
Be this my highest and holiest joy.

Teach me to live! With kindly words for all,  
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;  
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call  
Summons my spirit to its Heavenly Home.

—E. E. Burman.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### OCTOBER THIRTIETH

**M**ost gracious God and Father, in whom dwelleth all fullness of light and wisdom, enlighten our minds, we beseech Thee, by the Holy Spirit, in the true understanding of Thy Word. Give us grace to receive it with all reverence and humility. May it teach us to put our whole trust in Thee only, and so to serve and honor Thee that in all our life we may glorify Thy Holy Name and be profitable to our fellow-men. And inasmuch as it hath pleased Thee to remember us with Thy servants and children, grant that we may render unto Thee the love and obedience which we owe Thee, as children to their father and servants to their lord. We ask all for the sake of Jesus Christ our only Saviour. Amen.

—John Calvin.

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### OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

**O** Lord, who knowest every need of mine,  
Help me to bear each cross, and not repine;  
Grant me fresh courage every day,  
Help me to do my work alway  
Without complaint!

O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way,  
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Give me fresh faith for every hour,  
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power,  
And make complaint!

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure,  
Help me to keep it simple, pure;  
Make me unselfish, helpful, true  
In every act, whate'er I do,  
And keep content!

Help me to do my woman's share,  
Make me courageous, strong to bear  
Sunshine or shadow in my life;  
Sustain me in the daily strife  
To keep content!

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### NOVEMBER FIRST

**O** Lord God, who art as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, who beholdest Thy weak creatures, weary of labor, weary of pleasure, weary of hope deferred, weary of self, in Thine abundant compassion and unutterable tenderness, bring us, we pray Thee, unto Thy rest, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen.

—C. G. Rossetti.



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### NOVEMBER SECOND

**S**hall I but thank Thee for the good  
That comes to me through good,  
Forgetful that ofttimes our grief  
Is joy misunderstood?

Shall I but reckon blessings those  
My holden eyes can see,  
Unmindful of the viewless ills  
Thy love keeps back from me?

For good, for ill, for joy, for pain,  
My Lord shall I not bless,  
Since each is measured unto me  
With equal tenderness?

—Eva Williams Malone.

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### NOVEMBER THIRD

**I**n my daily calling, make me diligent in business,  
fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. May I do  
my work, not for the wages I get, but to please  
Thee. May it be the one object of my daily striving  
to do all to the glory of God—not with eye service,  
as pleasing men, but in singleness of heart, fearing  
the Lord, doing the will of God as it is indicated  
in the circumstances of my life, and looking for my  
reward from Thy hand, O Divine Master! Amen.

—Frederick B. Meyer.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

NOVEMBER FOURTH

**G**od, God! \* \* \* \*  
Thou knowest, though Thy universe is  
broad,

Two little tears suffice to cover all.

Thou knowest,—Thou, who art so prodigal  
Of beauty,—we are oft but stricken deer  
Expiring in the woods—that care for none  
Of those delightful flowers they die upon.

O blissful Mouth, which breathed the mournful  
breath

We name our souls,—self-spoilt!—by that strong  
passion

Which paled Thee once with sighs,—by that strong  
death

Which made Thee once unbreathing—from the  
wrack

Themselves have called around them, call them  
back,

Back to Thee in continuous aspiration! For here,  
O Lord,

For here they travel vainly,—vainly pass  
From the city pavement to untrodden sward,  
Where the lark finds her deep nest in the grass  
Cold with the earth's last dew.

Yea, very vain

The greatest speed of all the souls of men,  
Unless they travel upward to the throne

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Where sittest Thou the satisfying One,  
With help for sins and holy perfectings  
For all requirements—while the archangel, raising  
Unto Thy face his full ecstatic gazing,  
Forgets the rush and rapture of his wings.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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### NOVEMBER FIFTH

**J**esus, our Master, do Thou meet us while we  
walk in the way, and long to reach the Country  
so that, following Thy light, we may keep the  
way of righteousness, and never wander into the  
horrible darkness of this world's night, while Thou,  
who art the Way, the Truth and the Light, art  
shining within us. Amen.

—Mozarabic Liturgy.

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### NOVEMBER SIXTH

**T**hou glorious spirit-land! Oh, that I could  
behold thee as thou art,—the regions of  
life and light and love, and the dwelling  
place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed  
onward, like a silver-clear stream, into the solemn  
sounding main, into the ocean of eternity.

—H. W. Longfellow.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### NOVEMBER SEVENTH

**J**esus, Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there:  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,  
Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still let Thy love point out the way;  
How wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
Direct my work, inspire my thought;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
And save me, who for me hast died.

—Paul Gerhardt.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### NOVEMBER EIGHTH

**O** Thou who hast ordered this wondrous world, who knowest all things in earth and heaven, so fill our hearts with trust in Thee, that by night and by day, at all times and in all seasons, we may without fear commit those who are dear to us to Thy never-failing love for this life and the life to come. Amen.

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### NOVEMBER NINTH

**O** Lord, Thou knowest what is best for us; let this or that be done as Thou shalt please. Deal with me as Thou thinkest good. Set me where Thou wilt. Behold I am Thy servant, prepared for all things: for I desire not to live unto myself, but unto Thee; and oh, that I could do it worthily and perfectly!

—Thomas à Kempis.

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### NOVEMBER TENTH

**L**ord, lift us into nobleness; may we do Thine errands of life faithfully; they are not ours. Give us the heart of a little child, full of faith and trust. Whether we live softly and at ease,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

with many eyes upon us, or only seen by the few who love us; whether under the shadow of Thy hand or in the glare of day, let ours be the quiet spirit that trusts in Thy goodness, confident that what God does is right. Hear us, pity and pardon us, and guide us by Thy gentle hand, so that the discipline of life being over, we may be worthy to receive the crown immortal. Amen.

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### NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

**M**y faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine!

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Bid darkness turn to day;  
Wipe sorrow's tears away;  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

—Ray Palmer.

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### NOVEMBER TWELFTH

**O** Source of Life and Strength! many of Thy mercies do we plainly see, and we believe in a boundless store behind. No morning stars that sing together can have deeper call than we for grateful joy. Thou hast given us a life of high vocation, and Thine own breathing in our hearts interprets for us its sacred opportunities. Thou hast cheered the way with many dear affections and glimpses of solemn beauty and everlasting truth. Not a cloud of sorrow, but Thou hast touched with glory: not a dusty atmosphere of cares, but Thy light shines through! And, lest our spirits should fail before Thine unattainable perfections, Thou hast set us in the train of Thy saints

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

who have learned to take up the cross of Thy sacrifice. Let the time past suffice to have wrought our own will, and now make us consecrate to Thine. Amen.

—James Martineau.

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### NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

**I**f any word of mine has caused one tear  
From other eyes to flow;  
If I have caused one shadow to appear  
On any face I know;  
If but one thoughtless word of mine has stung  
Some loving heart to-day;  
Or if the word I've left unsaid has wrung  
A single sigh, I pray  
Thou tender Heart of Love, forgive the sin.  
Help me to keep in mind  
That if at last I would Thy "Well done" win,  
In word as well as deed I must be kind!

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### NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

**O** God, who makest cheerfulness the companion of strength, but apt to take wings in time of sorrow, we humbly beseech Thee that if, in Thy sovereign wisdom, Thou sendest weakness, yet for Thy mercy's sake deny us not the



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

comfort of patience. Lay not more upon us, O Heavenly Father, than Thou wilt enable us to bear; and, since the fretfulness of our spirits is more hurtful than the heaviness of our burden, grant us that Heavenly calmness which comes of owning Thy hand in all things, and patience in the trust that Thou doest all things well. Amen.

—Rowland Williams.

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### NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

O Love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

—George Matheson.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

**O** eternal God, who has made all things for men, and man for Thy glory, sanctify my body and soul, my thoughts and my intentions, my words and actions, that whatsoever I shall think, or speak, or do, may be by me designed to the glorification of Thy name; and by Thy blessing it may be effective and successful in the work of God. Lord, turn my necessities into virtue, the works of nature into the works of grace, by making them orderly, regular, temperate, subordinate, and profitable to ends beyond their own proper efficacy; and let no pride or self-seeking, no covetousness or revenge, no impure mixture or unhandsome purposes, no little ends and low imaginations pollute my spirit, and unhallow any of my words and actions; but let my body be a servant of my spirit, and both body and spirit servants of Jesus; that, doing all things for Thy glory here, I may be partaker of Thy glory hereafter; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Jeremy Taylor.

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### NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

**A**lmighty and Most Merciful Father: In the stress of another day we turn to Thee. We are confused by life's turmoil; and its cares, like a flood of many waters, are rushing over our

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

heads; we have no time, no power to stop and turn to Thee. Have mercy, Lord! Guide Thou our quick decisions, our sudden purposes, to Thy glory. Give grace and poise and sweetness to our hard-pressed hearts. May the machinery of our lives, in the whirl of which we seem at times to lose Thee, be really driven to Thee. Keep Thou Thy hand upon us, and may the issue of this day be Thy will. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Wilton Merle Smith.

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### NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

**O** Perfect Love, all human thought transcending,

Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,

That theirs may be the love that knows no ending,  
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

**O** Perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
With childlike trust that fears not pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

—Dorothy F. Blomfield.

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### NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

**L**ord God, Blessed Father, I thank Thee from  
my heart that Thou hast so graciously pre-  
served me through this night. Fit me for  
what Thy holy will is, and grant that I may do noth-  
ing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can  
divide me from Thee: for the Lord Jesus my Re-  
deemer's sake. Amen.

—Frederick the Great.

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### NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

**S**o take and use Thy work,  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strains o' the stuff, what warpings past  
Thy aim!  
My times be in Thy hand,  
Perfect the cup as planned!  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the  
same!

—Robert Browning.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

**A**lmighty and Merciful God, who art the Strength of the weak, the Refreshment of the weary, the Comfort of the sad, the Help of the tempted, the Life of the dying, the God of patience and of all consolation; Thou knowest full well the inner weakness of our nature, how we tremble and quiver before pain, and cannot bear the cross without Thy Divine help and support. Help me, then, O eternal and pitying God, help me to possess my soul in patience, to maintain unshaken hope in Thee, to keep that childlike trust which feels a Father's heart hidden beneath the cross; so shall I be strengthened with power according to Thy glorious might, in all patience and longsuffering; I shall be enabled to endure pain and temptation, and, in the very depth of my suffering, to praise Thee with a joyful heart. Amen.

—Johann Habermann.

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### NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

**M**ay I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony.  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

And in diffusion ever more intense!  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—George Eliot.

### NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

**I** thank Thee, my Christ, for the thorns on the way. They prove my fellowship with Thee, for Thou wert misunderstood even by Thy disciples. Keep me calm and patient. Teach me how to suffer in silence. Destroy all bitterness in my nature. And oh, help me to use the criticisms of men for mine own good, in humility, and by my trials to come yet nearer to Thee. Amen.

### NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

**F**orth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labor to pursue;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
O, let me cheerfully fulfill;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still the things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

Fain would I still for Thee employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.  
—Charles Wesley.

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### NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

**W**e thank Thee, O Father, for all that is  
bright—

The gleam of the day and the stars of  
the night,  
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,  
And the blessings that march down the pathway of  
time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is drear—  
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;  
For never in blindness, and never in vain,  
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank Thee, O Father of all, for the power  
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;  
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,  
And all the soul-help that sad hearts understand.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

We thank Thee, O Father, for days yet to be;  
For hopes that our future will call us to Thee.  
Let all our eternity form, through Thy love,  
One Thanksgiving day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

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### NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

**L**ord, increase our faith. Enable us to place our confidence where Thou hast laid our help; enable us to build our hopes on the foundation Thou hast laid. Lord Jesus, Thou art mighty to save, stretch out Thine hand to help us. Lord, save us or we perish. Cleanse us in Thy blood. Clothe us in Thy righteousness. Deny not Thy grace. Withhold not Thy enlightening Spirit. Redeemer exalted, redeem our souls from sin, and death, and hell. And now, O God of providence and grace, we cast ourselves on Thee. Sustain us in the duties and trials and temptations of the day. Make Thy grace sufficient for us. Send Thy light forth to lead and guide us. Open Thy hand wide and satisfy us with good, the good that we need for the life that now is, and the better blessings of the life to come. Forgive our sin; accept our thanksgiving; and send an answer to our prayer, for our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

—William Arnot.



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

**F**or Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,  
For bending wheat and blasted maize,  
For health and sickness, Lord of light,  
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise.

We trace to Thee our joys and woes,—  
To Thee of causes still the cause,—  
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;  
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;  
We come to Thee with no complaint,  
In Providence Thy will is done,  
And that is sacred to the saint.

Here on this blest Thanksgiving Night,  
We raise to Thee our grateful voice;  
For what Thou doest, Lord, is right;  
And thus believing, we rejoice.

—J. G. Holland.

From "Bitter-Sweet." Copyright, 1867. Courtesy of  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

**T**ouch our hearts, O gentle Saviour;  
Make our wills subserve Thine own;  
Christ-like make Thou our behaviour;  
Make us follow Thee alone!

Make our lives a bright reflection  
Of Thine own illuming love;  
Kindle in us deep affection  
For the thoughts of things above.

Guide us through our tender childhood,  
And the wayward paths of youth;  
Teach our womanhood and manhood  
Beauteous myst'ries of Thy Truth!

When at last our lives have ended,—  
Undeserving tho' we be,—  
Spirits with Thy Spirit blended  
May we find a home with Thee!  
—Josiah W. Neely.

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### NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

**H**e giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,  
Whose homeless feet have pressed our  
path of pain,  
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,  
That in our losses we might find our gain.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings  
I ask but this: in every troubled hour  
To hear Thy voice through all the tumults stealing,  
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me, if my soul be dwelling  
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;  
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,  
My hand in Thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning  
When from all shadows I shall find release;  
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning—  
Who can make trouble when Thou sendest peace?  
—Emily Huntington Miller.

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### NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

**A**n easy thing, O Power Divine,  
To thank Thee for these gifts of Thine!  
For Summer's sunshine, Winter's snow,  
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow;  
But when shall I attain to this—  
To thank Thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,  
The dreamed of joys that still are dreams,  
Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known  
Through others' fortunes, not my own,

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

And blessings seen that are not given,  
And never will be, this side Heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;  
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm.  
A Power that works above my will  
Still leads me onward, upward still;  
And then my heart attains to this—  
To thank Thee for the things I miss.  
—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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### DECEMBER FIRST

**O** God our Heavenly Father, whose gift is length of days, help us to make the noblest use of mind and body in our advancing years. According to our strength apportion Thou our work. As Thou hast pardoned our transgressions, sift the ingatherings of our memory that evil may grow dim and good may shine forth clearly. We bless Thee for Thy gifts and especially for Thy presence and the love of friends in Heaven and earth. Grant us new ties of friendship, new opportunities of service, joy in the growth and happiness of children, sympathy with those who bear the burdens of the world, clear thought and quiet faith. Teach us to bear infirmities with cheerful patience.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Keep us from narrow pride in out-grown ways, blind eyes that will not see the good of change, impatient judgments of the methods and experiments of others. Let Thy peace rule our spirits through all the trial of our waning powers. Take from us all fear of death and all despair or undue love of life, that with glad hearts at rest in Thee we may await Thy will concerning us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### DECEMBER SECOND

**A**lmighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

—Book of Common Prayer.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### DECEMBER THIRD

**S**hine forth, O Christ! my bright and Morning  
Star,  
Mine by most kingly deed of gift from Thee;  
And let Thy cleansing beams efface in me  
The self whose stains would Thy pure whiteness  
mar;

So never for one instant I may claim  
That aught of shining is my own; or deem  
That self's dark orb supple the vital beam.  
Cold, dumb, and dead am I, till Thy blest flame  
Enkindle me, love's circling course to run;  
Then, like the planet lit from central sun,  
In Thy unhindered light I simply shine—  
Not careful how, for all the work is Thine:  
While o'er life's orbit, Jesus' deathless love  
Glows purer than the morning star above.

—Mary K. A. Stone.

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### DECEMBER FOURTH

**O** God, who has sent Thy Son to be the true  
light of the world; grant that they who can-  
not see the things of the world may be the  
more fully enlightened and comforted by His inward  
guidance. Cheer them in their blindness with Thy  
heavenly manifestations, that, beholding Thee with

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

increasing love, they may become the more conformed to Thy image, until they behold Thee as Thou art, and awake to the full revelation of Thy glory; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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### DECEMBER FIFTH

**Y**ou little children, in whose eyes  
Undimmed the light of heaven glows,  
Whose dreams are bright with paradise,  
Whose souls are whiter than the snows,  
From holy lips and undefiled  
Breathe your soft prayer to Christ the Child!

And you whose thinning locks are spent  
With unreturning autumn's rime,  
Whose heads, like wind-torn trees, are bent  
Beneath the savage storms of time—  
Pray Christ the Child to be your guide  
Past the dim shoal, where shadows bide.

O saving hands! O Christ that hears  
A mortal mother's lullabies;  
That feels our agony and tears,  
Whose bosom trembles with our sighs,  
Give us pure hearts and undefiled,  
Make us like Thee, O Christ the Child!

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### DECEMBER SIXTH

**O** God, who hast commanded that no man should be idle, give us grace to employ all our talents and faculties in the service appointed for us; that, whatsoever our hand findeth to do, we may do it with our might. Cheerfully may we go in the road which Thou hast marked out, not desiring too earnestly that it should be either more smooth or more wide; but, daily seeking one way in Thy light, may we trust ourselves and the issue of our journey to Thee, the Fountain of joy, and sing songs of praise as we go along. Then, O Lord, receive us at the gate of life, which Thou hast opened for us in Christ Jesus. Amen.

—James Martineau.

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### DECEMBER SEVENTH

**O** God of love, O King of peace,  
Make wars throughout the world to cease;  
The wrath of sinful man restrain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?  
None ever called on Thee in vain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

Where saints and angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love;  
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

—Henry W. Baker.

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### DECEMBER EIGHTH

**A**h, Lord God, Thou holy Lover of my soul, when Thou comest into my soul, all that is within me shall rejoice. Thou art my Glory and the exultation of my heart; Thou art my Hope and Refuge in the day of trouble. Set me free from all evil passions, and heal my heart of all inordinate affections; that, being inwardly cured and thoroughly cleansed, I may be made fit to love, courageous to suffer, steady to persevere. Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing fuller nor better in Heaven and earth; because Love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things. Let me love Thee more than myself, nor love myself but for Thee; and in Thee all that truly love Thee, as the law of Love commandeth, shining out from Thyself. Amen.

—Thomas à Kempis,

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### DECEMBER NINTH

**S**peak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and slow,  
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so  
Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet—  
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go  
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
In humanest affection—thus in sooth,  
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,  
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth;  
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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### DECEMBER TENTH

**D**are to look up to God, and say, "Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am one with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt, clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt. Is it Thy will that I should be in a public or a private condition, dwell here, or be banished, be rich or poor? Under all these circumstances, I will testify unto Thee before men."

—Epictetus.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### DECEMBER ELEVENTH

**T**he little worries which we meet each day  
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,  
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be  
Of grace, O Lord, to Thee.

—A. E. Hamilton.

---

### DECEMBER TWELFTH

**O** Lord God, Thou art our refuge and our hope; on Thee alone we rest, for we find all to be weak and insufficient but Thee. Many friends cannot profit, nor strong helpers assist, nor prudent counsellors advise, nor the books of the learned afford comfort, nor any precious substance deliver, nor any place give shelter, unless Thou Thyself dost assist, strengthen, console, instruct and guard us.

—James Martineau.

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### DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

**O** my God, Thou, and Thou alone, art all-wise and all-knowing! I believe that Thou knowest just what is best for me. I believe that Thou lovest me better than I love myself, that Thou

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

art all-wise in Thy providence and all-powerful in Thy protection. I thank Thee, with all my heart, that Thou hast taken me out of my own keeping, and hast bidden me to put myself in Thy hands. I can ask nothing better than this, to be Thy care, not my own. O my Lord, through Thy grace I will follow Thee, withersoever Thou goest. I will wait on Thee for Thy guidance, then will I act in simplicity and without fear. Amen.

—John Henry Newman.

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### DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

**S**trong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, Thy foot  
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
A beam of darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
We mock Thee when we do not fear:  
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;  
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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### DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

**K**eepest us O Lord from the vain strife of words;  
and grant to us a constant profession of  
the truth. Preserve in us a religious faith,  
true and undefied; that we may in all our life and

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

at the time of death, hold fast that into which we were baptized; that we may have Thee for our Father, and may abide in Thy Son, and may daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit; to whom, three Persons and one only God, be glory for ever. Amen.

---

### DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

**T**he prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,  
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That of its native self can nothing feed;  
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed  
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may.  
Unless Thou show to us Thy own true way,  
No man can find it! Father! Thou must lead;  
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind  
By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing to Thee,  
And sound Thy praises everlastingly!

—Michael Angelo.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

### DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

**G**od, that madest Earth and Heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night—  
May Thine angel-guards defend us;  
Slumbers sweet Thy mercy send us;  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;  
And when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping  
All peaceful lie.  
When the last dread trump shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, O Lord, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.

—Archbishop Whateley.

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### DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

**W**e beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with  
favor, folk of many families and nations  
gathered together in the peace of this  
roof, weak men and women subsisting under the  
covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us  
yet awhile longer—with our broken purposes of

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

good, with our idle endeavors against evil, suffer us a while longer to endure and (if may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, brace us to play the man under affliction. Be with our friends, be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns, return to us, our sun and comforter, and call us up with morning faces and morning hearts—eager to labor—eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee; and, in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation. Amen.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

---

### DECEMBER NINETEENTH

**O**h Lord, I am a little child, uplifting  
To Thee my hands in prayer,  
Let me not spend in any doubtful drifting,  
Or shifting here and there,  
This life which comes from Thee. My soul out-  
reaching  
Through shadows for the light,  
Pours out itself in prayer to Thee beseeching,  
“Let me receive my sight.”



## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

I would not live this wondrous life and living,  
See not nor understand.  
I would not give my days to this, and giving  
Hold nothing in my hand  
Of faith, and love, and life, and growth unending.  
I fain would find the key  
Of hope and joy, and all the train attending,  
What is and what may be.

Gaze Thou on me, and with Thy hand of Healing  
Touch Thou my blinded eyes—  
The avenues of all my soul unsealing,  
And bidding it arise.  
Arise, and walk all garmented in beauty,  
Heaven-born and God-revealed;  
And knighted, seek some battleground of duty,  
With shining sword and shield.

Oh Lord, I am a little child, uplifting  
To Thee my hands in prayer,  
Let me not miss through any doubtful drifting  
Or idling here and there,  
Thy interwoven thought, Thy hidden meaning,  
The gleaming thread of light,  
Which sought and found shall lead through doubtful  
seeming  
To Thine unchanging Right.

—Birdie Cannon.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### DECEMBER TWENTIETH

**O**ur Heavenly Father, we need Thee every hour. We are dependent upon Thee for life and from Thee comes our very breath; may we be more conscious of this dependence and cherish it in faith and fellowship. Temptations beset us and cunningly seek to allure and entrap us and only Thy grace can shield and strengthen us; help us to keep on the whole armor of God and resist the devil until he flees from us. Toil presses upon us as a heavy burden and discouragements fret and weary us until we are ready to lose heart; do Thou sustain and inspire us so that we shall be strong and patient to bear the burden and fight the battle to the end. May we never think of life as a hard yoke which unkind fate has imposed upon us, but may we know that it is Thy good gift which contains eternal blessedness. Help us to grow in the grace of Christ, to know His heart and have His Spirit, and then we shall be rich and strong and shall rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

---

### DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

**C**hrist of Judea, look thou in my heart!  
Do I not love thee, look to thee, in thee  
Alone have faith of all the sons of men—  
Faith deepening with the weight and woe of years?

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Pure soul and tenderest of all that came  
Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer:

Lead me, yea, lead me deeper into life,  
This suffering, human life wherein thou liv'st  
And breathe'st still, and hold'st thy way divine.  
'Tis here, O pitying Christ, where thee I seek,  
Here where the strife is fiercest; where the sun  
Beats down upon the highway thronged with men,  
And in the raging mart. Oh! deeper lead  
My soul into the living world of souls  
Where thou dost move.

But lead me, Man Divine,  
Where'er thou will'st, only that I may find  
At the long journey's end thy image there,  
And grow more like to it. For art not thou  
The human shadow of the infinite Love  
That made and fills the endless universe!  
The very Word of him, the unseen, unknown  
Eternal Good that rules the summer flower  
And all the worlds that people starry space!  
—Richard Watson Gilder.

---

### DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

**O** Thou who wert the Child of Nazareth,  
Make us see only this, and only Thee,  
Who camest but to do Thy Father's will,  
And didst delight to do it. Take Thou then

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Our bitterness of loss,—aspirings vain,  
And anguishes of unfulfilled desire,  
Our joys imperfect, our sublimed despairs,  
Our hopes, our dreams, our wills, our loves, our all,  
And cast them into the great crucible  
In which the whole earth, slowly purified,  
Runs molten, and shall run—the Will of God.  
O Christ, hear us!

—Dinah Maria Mulock.

---

### DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

**J**esus, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Wilt Thou not regard my call?

Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?

Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!

Lo, on Thee I cast my care;

Reach me out Thy gracious hand!

While I of Thy strength receive,

Hoping against hope I stand,

Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;

More than all in Thee I find:

Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name;

I am all unrighteousness;

False and full of sin I am,

Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,

Grace to cover all my sin;

Let the healing streams abound;

Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the Fountain art,

Freely let me take of Thee;

Spring Thou up within my heart,

Rise to all eternity.

—Charles Wesley.

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

### DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

**L**ord God of the solitary, look upon me in my loneliness. Since I may not keep this Christmas in the home, send it into my heart. Let not my sins cloud me in, but shine through them with forgiveness in the face of the Child Jesus. Put me in loving remembrance of the lowly lodging in the stable of Bethlehem, the sorrows of the blessed Mary, the poverty and exile of the Prince of Peace. For His sake, give me a cheerful courage to endure my lot, and an inward joy to sweeten it.

Purge my heart from hard and bitter thoughts. Let no shadow of forgetting come between me and friends far away: bless them in their Christmas mirth: and hedge me in with faithfulness, that I may not grow unworthy to meet them again.

Give me good work to do that I may forget myself and find peace in doing it for Thee. Though I am poor, send me to carry some gift to those who are poorer, some cheer to those who are lonelier, since they have not known the friendship of Jesus. Grant me the chance to do a kindness to one of His little ones, and light Thou my Christmas candle at the gladness of an innocent and grateful heart.

Strange is the path where Thou leadest me, but let me not doubt Thy wisdom, nor lose Thy hand to-day. Make me sure that the Eternal Love is forever unveiled in Jesus, Thy dear Son, to save us from sin and solitude and death. Teach me that I

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

am not alone, but many hearts, all round the world, join with me through the silence while I pray in His name: "Our Father which art in Heaven."

—Henry van Dyke.

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### DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

**O**n this Christmas day, my Father, I come to Thee with a glad heart. Help me to observe the day fitly, with loving remembrance of the lowly birth in Bethlehem and the sorrows of Him who came to bring redemption, and with grateful thanks to Thee for Thy great mercy.

May this be a true Christmas in my heart. Save me from all selfishness. While I gratefully receive the Christmas blessings, may my heart be opened toward all the world in sympathy and kindly interest. Make my life a song; may I go everywhere with joy on my face and on my lips.

I pray for those to whom Christmas brings gladness, that their joy may be enriched by thoughts of the divine love; for the multitude of little children, to whom the day means so much. I pray for those to whom the day brings little joy—the very poor; the lonely and solitary; those far away from their homes, whose hearts will not be warmed by human

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

love; prisoners in their prisons, sailors on the sea, and those who know not Thee. I pray for the bereft and sorrowing to whom Christmas brings painful memories, making more real their sense of loss. May they find comfort in the thought of Christ's unfailing love. Amen.

—J. R. Miller.

---

**O** little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars together  
Proclaim the holy birth;  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;



## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

—Phillips Brooks.

---

### DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

**L**ord, in adoration,  
This glad Christmas Day;  
We in supplication,  
Would approach and pray:  
Through to-day's rejoicing  
May our love increase;  
Grant each heart beseeching  
Thine eternal peace.

May our songs of gladness,  
Draw us nearer Thee—  
May our hearts from sadness,  
This blest day be free.  
Bless the crude laudation,  
Thankful hearts employ;  
May Thy benediction  
Sanctify our joy.

—George D. Gelwicks.

*FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

**S**aviour, that of woman born,  
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn—  
Thou, with whose last anguish strove  
One dear thought of earthly love—  
Hear and aid!

Low he lies, my precious child,  
With his spirit wandering wild  
From its gladsome tasks and play,  
And its bright thoughts far away—  
Saviour, aid!

Pain sits heavy on his brow,  
E'en though slumber seal it now;  
Round his lip is quivering strife,  
In his hand unquiet life—  
Aid! oh, aid!

Saviour! loose the burning chain  
From his fevered heart and brain,  
Give, oh! give his young soul back  
Into its own cloudless track!—  
Hear and aid!

Thou that saidst, "Awake! arise!"  
E'en when death had quenched the eyes—  
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,  
When o'erwearied hope is dying,  
Hear and aid!

## FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

Yet, oh! make him Thine, all Thine,  
Saviour! whether Death's or mine!  
Yet, oh! pour on human love,  
Strength, trust, patience; from above!—  
Hear and aid!

—Felicia Hemans.

---

### DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

I shall behold Thee, face to face,  
O God, and in Thy light retrace  
How in all I loved here, still wast Thou!

—Robert Browning.

---

### DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

W e thank Thee, Lord, for the glory of the  
late days and the excellent face of Thy  
sun. We thank Thee for good news  
received. We thank Thee for the pleasures we  
have enjoyed, and for those we have been able to  
confer. And now, when the clouds gather and the  
rain impends over our forest and our house, permit  
us not to be cast down. Let us not lose the savor  
of past mercies and past pleasures; but, like the  
voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful mem-  
ory survive in the hour of darkness. If there be in

## *FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER*

front of us any painful duty, strengthen us with the grace of courage; if any act of mercy, teach us tenderness and patience.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

---

### DECEMBER THIRTIETH

**J**esus, tender Shepherd, hear me;  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be Thou near me;  
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;  
Listen to my evening prayer!

Let my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well:  
Take us all at last to Heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

—Mary Duncan.

FOR EACH DAY—A PRAYER

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

**T**he Lord bless thee, and keep thee:  
The Lord make His face shine upon thee,  
and be gracious unto thee:  
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and  
give thee peace. Amen.

—Numbers vi: 24, 25, 26.

**N**OW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP,  
I PRAY THEE, LORD, MY SOUL  
TO KEEP;  
IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE,  
I PRAY THEE, LORD, MY SOUL TO  
TAKE.  
AND THIS I ASK FOR JESUS' SAKE. AMEN.



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